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T H E
Faithful S H E P H E R D.

A
Pastoral Tragi-comedy,

Written in *ITALIAN*

B Y T H E

Celebrated Signor *BAPTISTA GUARINI*,

Translated into *English*, and Adorn'd with
a new Set of Cuts.

L O N D O N :

Printed for RICHARD MONTAGU
the Corner of *Great-Queen-Street* ; JOHN
T O R B U C K in *Clare-Court* ; both near
Drury-Lane ; and CHARLES CORBETT
at *Addison's Head*, against *St Dunstan's Church*
in *Fleet-Street*. 1736.

T H E

THE SHEPHERD

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THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

*Being some ACCOUNT of
the AUTHOR, and the fol-
lowing Work.*

BAPTISTA GUARINI, the Author
of the following most Excellent Dra-
matick Poem, was a Native of Fer-
rara, and Secretary to *Alphonso*, the
Old Duke of that Principality, who sent him
Ambassador into *Germany*, *Poland*, and *Rome*,
in the Time of Pope Gregory the XIII.

After the Death of *Alphonso* he was made Secretary to *Vincent de Gonzaga* Duke of *Mantua*, to *Ferdinand de Medicis* Great Duke of *Tuscany*, (who created him Knight of the Order of *St. Stephen*) and to *Francis Maria de la Rovera*, Duke of *Urbino*; in all these Stations he was as much admir'd for his Politicks, as Poetry, as is evident from his being admitted a Member of the most famous Accademies of *Italy*, as *Gli Humoristi* of *Rome*, *De la Crusca* of *Florence*, *Gli Olimpici* of *Vicenza*, and *Gli Elevati* of *Ferrara*: Towards the latter End of his Life he withdrew from public Affairs, and liv'd privately at *Padua*, and afterwards at *Venice*, where in the Year 1613 he died in the Seventy Fifth Year of his Age.

The *PASTOR FIDO* of *Guarini* is generally esteem'd equal, if not superior, to the *AMINTA* of *TASSO*, by the unquestionable Verdict of all *Italy*. And even by *Tasso* himself, who cry'd out in a violent Passion, *se non havuto visto il mio Aminta, &c.* If he had not seen my *Aminta* he had not excell'd it: It may not be improper to observe to the Reader, that this Pastoral was writ on Occasion of the Nuptials of *Charles Emanuel*, the Young Duke of *Savoy*, and *Catherina*, Infanta of *SPAIN*. Wherein the Author, under the Name of *Carino*, endeavours, (allegorically) to instill into his Princely Pupils, such Principles of *Divine*, *Moral*, and *Political* Virtues, as would lay a Foundation for the future Conduct of their Lives.

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This famous Dramatick Poem has been long since translated into all the *European* Languages; and tho' I am not ignorant that it must have lost much of its Life and Beauty in the Translation, (the *Italian* being transcendently more Copious and Harmonious;) yet I could not deny the *English* Reader the Pleasure of seeing the best Translation which has hitherto appeared (or perhaps ever may) in the *English* Tongue: For tho' it must be allow'd, *English* Poetry in general has received great Improvements since this Translation, yet it is equally true that there has not as yet appeared any Dramatick Pastoral, whether a Translation, or Original, that has either excell'd or equal'd our present One; nor has many Attempts been made in this Way of Writing, because the Taste of our Age will not relish a Poem of this Sort, the Style being simple and rustick. And most People seeking for what they call Wit on all Subjects, and in all Places, not considering Nature loves Truth so well, that it rarely ever admits of flourishing. *Conceit* is to Nature, what *Paint* is to Beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain Majesty in Simplicity which is far above all the Quaintness of Wit: Infomuch, that the Criticks have excluded it from the loftiest Poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epick, as well as the Pastoral.

In

In this Edition we have chiefly follow'd the Translation of Sir *Richard Fanshawe*, which was so much commended by Sir *John Denham*, but yet we hope great Improvements have been made by an ingenious Gentleman who would not permit us to prefix his Name, alleging, that what ever Beauties should appear would be imputed to the Original, or the former Translator, and nothing left for him but the Faults.

Upon the Whole, This Edition, (by adding a new Sett of Cuts,) may claim the Preference to any former, and become a most *Chaste, Moral, and Diverting Entertainment*, and be a very proper Present to Young Gentlemen and Ladies, to employ their leisure Hours.



Silvia
Lin
Mirtillo
Ergasto
Corisca
Montano
Tiuro
Demetas
Satyr
Dorinda
Lupino
Amarillis
Nicandro
Coriden
Carino
Uranio
Messenger
Trenio

Chorus

The P E R S O N S.

Afeo, a River of Arcadia.

- S***ilvio*, Son to *Montano*.
L*inco*, An old Man, Servant to *Montano*.
M*irtillo*, In love with *Amarillis*.
E*rgasto*, Companion to *Mirtillo*.
C*orisca*, In love with *Mirtillo*.
M*ontano*, Father to *Silvio*, (the Priest.)
T*uiro*, Father to *Amarillis*.
D*emetas*, An old Man, Servant to *Montano*.
S*atyr*, An old Man in love with *Corisca*.
D*orinda*, In love with *Silvio*.
L*upino*, A Goat-herd, Servant to *Dorinda*.
A*marillis*, Daughter to *Tuiro*.
N*icandro*, Chief Minister to the Priest.
C*oridon*, In love with *Corisca*.
C*arino*, An old Man, supposed Father to *Mirtillo*.
U*ranio*, An old Man, Companion to *Carino*.
M*essenger*,
T*irenio*, A blind Prophet.

Chorus of { *Shepherds.*
Huntsmen.
Nymphs.
Priests.

The Scene in *Arcadia.*



T H E
P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by *Alfeo*, a River of *Arcadia*.



I F from old Fame, and peradventure not
Believ'd at all by you, or else forgot,
O'th' Am'rous Brook ye heard the Wonder
ever,

Which to pursue the coy and flying River,
Of his beloved Arethusa, ran
(O Force of Love!) piercing the Ocean;
And the Earth's bidden Bowels to that Isle,
Where underneath the huge Etnean Pile,
Upon his Back the restless Giant lies,
Spitting despightful Flames at hostile Skies,
And leaves it doubtful to the World that's under,
If Heav'n at him, or he at Heav'n does Thunder:
That Brook am I: Though what you have been told
Ye may, your Eyes ye cannot doubt, behold.
Leaving my loved Nymph, and running back
That well-known Way where I had form'd a Track,
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This safe
The least
Or of a
Corinth,
To triumph
This same
Who were

Through the Great Waters, I in Person rise,
 And view (with Tears of Gladness in my Eyes)
 That antient and that venerable Earth,
 From whose cold Entrails I receiv'd my Birth ;
 Not thrall'd and plunder'd (as of late) but free,
 And beautiful as it was wont to be.

O my dear Mother ! O Arcadia, known
 By me thy Son, though so long absent ! own
 Thy Dear, and (being improv'd by travel) now
 Thy Great Alfeo, and as fam'd as thou.
 These be the Plains once so renown'd, these be
 The Woods where the old russet Honesty
 Did live and die : Unto this only Nook
 O'th' Iron World, when She her Flight had took
 From sinful Men, the Golden Age retir'd.
 Here (that which elsewhere is in vain desir'd)
 Freedom unstrain'd, and from Suspicion free
 Flourish'd in Peace and sweet Security.
 An unarm'd People had for their Defence
 A Wall of Vertue, and of Innocence,
 Stronger than that whose living Stones were laid
 About great Thebes, whilst he that built it plaid.

For when tumultuous War flam'd most in Greece,
 And other her more warlike Provinces,
 Arcadia arm'd to this blest Part alone,
 This safe Asylum, there was never known
 The least Alarm, nor the least Sound to come,
 Or of a Friendly, or an Hostile Drum.
 Corinth, Mycene, Thebes, so much did hope
 To triumph o'er their Foes, as were their Prop
 This same good People : And their Care were held,
 Who were the Care of Heav'n, whom Heav'n upheld.

*This blessed mutual Bulwark they did prove,
Those to these here, and these to those Above :
Those fought with Weapons, and these fought with
Pray'r,*

*And though each here a Shepherd's Habit wear,
And bore the Name ; yet neither in his Mien,
Nor, Excercise, was e'er the Shepherd seen,
But some would place themselves as Spies, to pry
Into the Stars and Elements, (the high
Secrets of Heav'n and Nature) others here
Were wholly giv'n to chase the fearful Deer ;
Others, whom Glory had inflam'd much more,
T' encounter with a Bear, or tusked Boar.
Some swift in Running, some were Terrible
At Barriers, some in Wrastring did excel ;
This threw the Dart, that gave the Arrow flight,
Both hit with Cunning the intended White.
Some one Thing, some another did affect,
(Each as his Mind and Fancy did direct)
The Sacred Muses most, Virgins of yore
In high Esteem, though now despis'd and poor.*

*But now transported hither, where the Po
Falls into Dora, is Arcadia now.
This is the Cloyster surely, this the Cave
Of antient Erycina, and that brave
Aspiring Temple, yonder is the same
So Sacred made to great Diana's Name.
How then remov'd ? What new-come Power can so
Transplant a Land, and all the People too !
Royal Infanta, but a Child in Age,
Yet ev'n already as a Matron sage !*

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*The Vertue of your Name, Pow'r of your Blood,
 Great Catherina (now 'tis understood)
 Wrought this; from that great House descended, which
 New Kingdoms daily, and new Worlds enrich.
 Those great Effects which we as Wonders view,
 Are natural and usual Things with you;
 As by that Sun which from the East does rise,
 So many excellent Varieties,
 Are brought into the World, Herbs, Flow'rs and
 Trees,
 So many Beasts, Fowl, Fish, in Earth, Air, Seas:
 So by the living Sun of your bright Eyes,
 (Which in the now-more worship'd West arise)
 New Provinces from every Clime about,
 New Realms, new Laurels, Trophies new shoot
 out.*

*Low as my Bottom then I bow to you,
 Majestick Daughter of that Monarch, who
 Enjoys an Empire, so August, so Great,
 That Phoebus in it does both rise and set:
 And Wife of him, to whose Breast, Hand and Wit,
 Heav'n did the Walls of Italy commit.*

*But rugged Rocks are needed now no more,
 Bulwarks, nor horrid Cliffs to stand before
 Fair Italy, securer in your Guard,
 Than in those Hills which have her Entrance bar'd.
 That Bulwark so invincible in War,
 You make soft Peace's Temple, where from far
 Men come to worship her. Long live in love
 Ye Royal Pair; this Union form'd Above,
 Presages Christendom again shall boast
 Those many Eastern Scepters she has lost.*

*This is a Field worthy of none but you,
 (Couragious CHARLES) and what was trodden too,
 By your brave Ancestors. This Land is great,
 Great are your Names, great Blood in you is met ;
 Great your Designs, your Minds, and your Aspects,
 Great Off-spring too, and Deeds the World expects.*

*But whilst I prophecy, and Fate prepares
 Circles of Gold and ever prosp'rous Years,
 Disdain not (Mighty Souls) this flow'ry Wreath,
 Gather'd on Pindus by those Maids that breathe
 Life in dead Men. Poor Off'ring (I confess)
 Yet such as, if Devotion it express,
 Ev'n Heav'n itself disdains not : And if from
 Your smiling Heav'n a fav'ring Gale shall come,
 This Lute, which from its gentle warbling Strings,
 Sending soft Musick to your Ears, now sings
 Sweet Love, and pleasing Hymeneal Rites,
 Shall turn a Trumpet to proclaim your Fights.*



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THE
Faithful SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Silvio, Linco, *with Huntsmen.*

Silvio.



O you that lodg'd the Monster, as
y'are wont,
Amongst the neigh'bring Sheep-
coats raise the Hunt.
Rowse Eyes and Hearts with your
shrill Voice and Horn,

If ever in *Arcadia* there was born
A Shepherd, who did follow *Cynthia's* Court,
As a true Lover of her rural Sport,

A 6

Within

Within whose Quarry-scorning Mind, had Place
 The Pleasure or the Glory of the Chace,
 Now let him shew that Courage and that Love,
 By following me, where in a little Grove,
 To Valour a large Field does open lie,
 That dreadful Boar, I mean, that Prodigy
 Of Nature and the Woods, that huge, that fell
 And noted't Tyrant that did ever dwell,
 And reign in *Erimanthus* ; the Fields Mower,
 The Mower's Terrour. Go you then before,
 And do not only with your early Horn
 Anticipate, but wake the drowsy Morn.

Ex. Huntsmen.

We, *Linco*, will to Pray'rs, this dang'rous Chace,
 Heav'n being our Guide, we may more boldly trace,
 That Work which is begun well, is half done,
 And, without Pray'r, no Work is well begun.

Lin. Thy worshipping the Gods I well commend,
 But not thy troubling them who do attend
 The Gods: The Priests as yet are all asleep,
 To whom Day springs yet later where the steep
 Surrounding Hills a short Horizon make.

Sil. To thee whose Heart is hardly yet awake,
 The whole World sleeps.

Lin. O *Silvio*, *Silvio*,
 Why did frank Nature upon thee bestow
 Blossoms of Beauty in thy Prime, so sweet
 And fair, for thee to trample under Feet?
 Had I thy fresh and blooming Cheek, adieu,
 I'd say to Beasts, and nobler Game pursue.
 The Summer I would spend in Feasts and Mirth
 In the cool Shade, the Winter by the Hearth.

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Sil. "
 " Then

Sil. How's this ? Thou art not *Linco* sure, for he
Such Counsel never us'd to give to me.

Lin. ' As the Occasion, Counsels change, 'tis true ;
If I were *Silvio*, so indeed I'd do.

Sil. And I, if I were *Linco*, would do so ;
But as I am, I'll do like *Silvio*.

Lin. Fond Youth, for a wild Beast so far to roam,
Which thou must Hunt with danger : When at
Home
One's safely lodg'd.

Sil. In earnest speak you now ?
How near ?

Lin. As near as to thy self art thou.

Sil. You rave.

Lin. No, you.

Sil. In what Wood lurks the Beast ?

Lin. *Silvio*'s the Wood, the Brute his Savage Breast.

Sil. Sure I do rave !

Lin. To have a Nymph so fair,
(Rather a Goddess of Perfections rare)
Fresher and sweeter than a Rose new blown,
Softer and Whiter than an old Swans Down,
For whom their Lives not at this Day a Swain
So Proud 'mongst us, but sighs and sighs in vain :
To have, I say, the Matchless Paragon
By Gods and Men reserv'd for thee, nay, thrown
Into thy Arms without one Sigh or Tear,
And thou (unworthy) to disvalue her ?
Art thou not then a Beast ? A savage one ?
Rather a senseless Clod, a Stock, a Stone ?

Sil. " If not to be in love be Cruelty,
" Then Cruelty's a Vertue : Nor do I

Repent

Repent, but boast, I lodge him in my Breast,
By whom I've conquer'd Love, the greater Beast.

Lin. How cou'dst thou conquer (filly Idiot)
Whom thou ne'er try'dst ?

Sil. In that I try'd him not.

Lin. O hadst thou try'd him, *Silvio*, and once
found

In mutual Lovers what true Joys abound,
Thou wouldst have said, O Love, the sweetest
Guest,

Why hast thou been an Alien to this Breast ?
Leave then Woods, leave following Beasts fond Boy,
And follow Love.

Sil. Linco, I take more Joy
In one Beast caught by my *Melampo* far,
Than in the Love of all the Nymphs that are.
Keep they those Joys unto themselves alone,
Who find a Soul for them, for I find none.

Lin. No Soul in love (the World's great Soul) ?

But Fool,

Too soon (believe't) thou'lt find he is all Soul :
(Perchance too late ;) for " he'll be sure before
" We die, to make us all once feel his Pow'r.

And (take my Word) "worst Torment none can
prove,

" Than in old Limbs the youthful Itch of love :

" All tamp'ring then will but exasperate

" The Sore. If Love a Young-man wound, he
straight

" Balms him again, Hope holds up Sorrow's Head,

" And Smiles revive him, if Frowns strike him
dead ;

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" But if an aged Man those Flames endure,
 " Whose own Defects his own Repulse procure,
 " Then, then the Wound is unsupportable
 " And mortal ; then the Aguish is all Hell :
 " Then if he Pity seek, it is a Curse
 " To go without it, and to gain a worse.
 " Ah ! hasten not before th' appointed Day
 " The Curse of Days ; for if when thou art Gray,
 " Thou learn to love, 'twill breed a double Sense,
 " Of thy Youth's Pride, and Ages Impotence.
*Leave. leave the Woods, leave following Beasts fond Boy,
 And follow love.*

Sil. As if there were no Joy,
 But these Chimeraes in a Lover's Head,
 Of strange *Elizums*, by his Fever bred !
Lin. Tell me if in this jolly Month of *May*,
 When Earth is clad in all her best Array,
 In stead of bladed Fields, Brooks uncontroul'd,
 Green Woods and painted Meads, thou shouldst
 Behold
 Bald Fields and Meads, Brooks bound with Ice,
 the Pine,
 The Beech, the Ash, the Oak, the Elm, the Vine,
 And Poplar, like inverted Skeletons,
 Stand desolate, ratling their naked Bones ;
 Wouldst thou not say, Nature is out of Tune,
 The World is sick, and like to die in *June* ?
 Now the same Horror which thou wouldst receive
 From such a monst'rous Novelty, conceive
 At thy own self, " The all-disposing Heav'n,
 " To ev'ry Age hath proper Humours giv'n :

And

" And as in old Men Love absurdly shows ;
 " So young Men Enemies to Love oppose
 " Nature and Heav'n. Look *Silvio* round about,
 Examine the whole Universe throughout :
 All that is fair or good, here, or above,
 Or is a Lover, or the Work of Love.
 Th' all-seeing Heav'n, the fruitful Earth's a Lover,
 The Sea with love is ready to boyl over.
 Seest thou yon Star of such excell'g hue,
 The Sun's Postillion ? That's a Lover too :
 Nor is exempted from her own Son's Laws,
 But feels that Passion which her Beauties cause.
 Perchance this very Hour too she did part
 From her stoln Sweets, and him that keeps her Heart.
 Mark what a wanton Eye she has ! In Woods
 Rough Bears, the crook-back'd Dolphin loves in
 Floods

And sluggish Whales ; that little Bird which sings
 So sweetly, and so nimbly plays his Wings,
 Flying from Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove,
 If he could speak, would say, *I am in love*.
 But his Heart says it, and his Tongue doth say
 In Language understood by his dear Mate :
 And *Silvio*, heark how from that Wilderness
 His dear Mate Answers, *And I love no less*.
 The Cows lowe in the Valley ; and what's this,
 But an inviting unto am'rous Blifs ?
 The Lyons roar in solitary Groves,
 Not for their Prey, but for their absent Loves.
 All Things that are, but *Silvio*, are in love,
 The Burthen's that : Here, round us, and Above

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No Soul but *Silvio*, is a Foe to Joy,
Leave, leave the Woods, leave following Beasts fond Boy,
And follow Love.

Sil. Had I my tender Years
 Committed to the Care of thy gray Hairs,
 That thou shouldst thus effeminate my Heart
 With Love? Know'st thou who I am? Who thou art?

Lin. Thou art a Man, (or shouldst be one) and I
 Another; what I teach, Humanity.
 And if thou scorn that Name, (which is my Pride)
 Take heed, instead of being deifi'd,

Thou turn not Beast.

Sil. That Monster-taming King,
 From whom my lofty Pedegree I bring,
 Had never grown so valiant, nor so fam'd,
 If first the Monster Love he had not tam'd.

Lin. See, foolish Youth, how idly thou talk'st
 now!

Had great *Alcides* been no Lover, how
 Hadst thou been born? Rather, if he o'ercame
 Monsters and Men, to Love impute the same.
 Know'st thou not yet, that to comply with fair
Omphales Humour, he not only ware
 (Instead of the fierce Lyon's rugged Skin)
 Womens soft Robes, but taught those Hands to spin,
 And hold a feeble Distaff, which did bear
 The knotty Club? His Interludes these were
 Between his Acts; and when his Ribs were beat
 With dear-bought Conquests, he would then retreat
 Into her Lap, (the Bay of sweet Delight)
 As in Love's Port to be new-built for fight.

“ His

“ His Sighs from his past Toyls sweet Breathings
were,

“ And Spirits strength’ning him new Toyls to bear.

“ For as the Iron, of itself too rough

“ And of a harsh unmalleable Stuff,

“ Soft’ned with Fire, and gentler Metal, Strength

“ From Weakness gathers and becomes at length

“ Fit for the noblest Use : So Hearts untam’d,

“ (Which their own Stiffness often breaks) enflam’d

“ With gen’rous Love, and with his Sweets allay’d,

“ Are clearer, apter for great Actions made.

If th’art Ambitious then to imitate

Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate

From thy high Line, since Woods thou dost affect,

Follow the Woods, but do not Love neglect ;

I mean so lawful and so worthy Love

As that of *Amarillis*. I approve

(So far from blaming that as Cruelty)

Thy shunning of *Dorinda* : For in thee

Who stand’st upon thy Blood, ’twere double Shame

To scorch thy Breast with an unlawful Flame,

For injuring thy Spouse.

Sil. What say’st thou Man ?

She is not yet my Spouse.

Lin. Was there not then

A Promise solemnly receiv’d and giv’n ?

Take heed, proud Boy, how thou provokest Heav’n.

Sil. “ Man’s Freedom is Heav’n’s Gift, which
doth not take

“ Us at our Word when forced Vows me make.

Lin. Ay, but (unless our Hopes and Judgments fail)

Heav’n made this Match, and promis’d to entail

A thousand Blessings on’t.

Sil.

Sil. ‘T

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Sil. 'Tis like that there
Is nothing else to do ; a proper Care
To vex the calm Rest of the Gods above !

Linco, I like not this, nor t'other Love.
I was a Huntsman, not a Lover bred ;
Thou who art all for love, go back to Bed.

Lin. Thou sprung from Heav'n, harsh Boy ?
nor of Divine

Can I suppose thee, nor of Human Line.

Aleto's Poison thy cold Limbs did fashion ;
Sweet *Venus* had no Hand in thy Creation.

SCENE II.

Mirtillo, Ergasto.

Mirtillo.

O *Amarillis,* Authress of my Flame
(Within my Mouth how sweet now is thy
But in my Heart how bitter !) *Amarillis,* [Name,
Fairer and whiter than the whitest Lillies,
But crueller than cruel Adders far,
Which having stung (lest they should pity) dar
Their Ears, and run ; if then by speaking I
Offend thee, I will hold my Peace and die.
I'll hold my Peace, but what will that do good,
If Hills and Dales roar for me, and this Wood
Which thy dear Name can ne'er forget, from me
So often heard, and carv'd on every Tree ?

The

The Winds shall sigh for me, the Fountains shed
 Abundant Tears, Grief mourn, and Pity plead.
 Or couldst thou bribe whole Nature with a Fee
 To silence, lastly Death shall speak for me :
 He'll thunder 't out, and to the World proclaim,
 I dy'd a Martyr in my True-Love's Flame.

Erg. Mirtillo, " Love is a great Pain at best,
 " But more by how much more it is suppress'd.
 " For as hot Steeds run faster at the Check,
 " Than if you laid the Reins upon their Neck ;
 " So love restrain'd augments, and fiercer grows,
 " In a close Prison, than when loose he goes.
 Why hidst thou thy Flames Cause so long from me,
 When the Effect could not concealed be ?

Mirtillo burns : How often have I said ?

But inward burns, and will not call for aid.

Mirt. Courteous *Ergasto*, but of my Respect
 To her (alas) I did my self neglect :
 Nor would my fest'ring Passion yet unfold,
 But that Necessity hath made me bold.
 I hear a buzzing Rumour ev'ry where
 (Which to my Heart finds Passage through my Ear)
 That *Amarillis* shortly weds ; nor dare
 Ask more, lest so I should my Love declare,
 Or prove my Fear too true. Full well I know,
 (Nor hath Love struck me blind) that in my low
 And slender Fortunes, it were simple Pride
 To hope a Nymph so shap't, so qualify'd,
 So rais'd in Wealth, in Spirit, and in Blood,
 Above all these, so gentle, and so good,
 Can e'er be mine : No, I have ta'en the Height
 Of my unhappy Star, my sullen Fate

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Made me for Fuel only, born to smother
 In Fires, I cannot kindle in another.
 Yet since Fate's pleas'd I should affect Death more
 Than Life, at least I'd have her know before,
 That she's beholding to me for my Death,
 And deign, when I sigh out my latest Breath,
 To cast her fair Eyes on me, and say *Die*.
 This reasonable Boon obtain would I,
 That 'ere she go to make another blest
 In having her, she'd hear me speak at least,
 But once, my dear *Ergasto*. Now if Love
 Or Pity of me thy soft Entrails move,
 Procure me this, this Phylick only lend,
 To make the Passage easy to my End.

Erg. From one that loves, a *just*; from one that
 dies,

A *small* Request ; yet a hard Enterprize.
 Wo be to her, should her stern Father hear
 That to stoln Pray'rs she 'ere had lent an Ear !
 Or if some baser Pick-thank should disclose
 It to the Priest her Sire-in-law ! Who knows
 But out of these Respects she may eschew
 Thy Company, and yet affect thee too ?
 " For Women are more prone to love than Men ;
 " But to conceal't have more Discretion then :
 And if 'twere true that she did love thee, what
 Could she do less than shun thee for all that ?
 " She that wants Pow'r to help listens in vain,
 " And flies with Pity, when her Stay breeds Pain ;
 " And I have heard 'tis still the wisest Course
 " To quit that soon, which one must quit by Force.

Mir.

Mir. O were this true, and could I think it so,
Sweet were my Pain, and fortunate my Woe!
But, dear *Ergasto*, (hide it not from me,
So help thee *Pan*) who may this Bridegroom be,
So lov'd of all the Stars?

Erg. Dost thou not know?
(I'm sure thou dost) that famous *Silvio*,
Silvio the Rich, the Gallant and the Fair,
The Priest *Montano*'s only Son and Heir?
'Tis he.

Mir. O happy Youth, whose Joy appears
So ripe for Harvest in his Spring of Years!
Pardon me, gentle Swain, I envy not
Thy Happiness but mourn my own hard Lot.

Erg. Indeed there is no Reason to envy,
Rather to pity him.

Mirt. To pity? Why?

Erg. Because he loves her not.

Mirt. And hath he Wit?

Hath he a Heart? Is he not blind? — And yet
When I consider with what full Aspect
Her starry Eyes their Influence direct
Into my Breast, she cannot have a Dart
Left in her Quiver for another Heart.
But why do they a Gem so precious throw
To one that knows it not, and scorns it so?

Erg. Because high Heav'ns did through the
Marriage

Unto *Arcadia* long ago presage
Deliverance. Hast not thou heard that here
Is paid to the great Goddess ev'ry Year,

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Of a Nymph's guiltless Blood a cruel and
Unconscionable Tribute by this Land.

Mirt. 'Tis News to me ; nor let that strange ap-
pear,

Since I my self am but a Stranger here,
And since I came (by Fate's Decree and Love's)
Almost a constant Burgeſs of the Groves.
But what ſtrange Crime deſerv'd ſo ſharp a
Doom ?

How could ſuch monſt'rous Cruelty find room
In a Cœleſtial Mind ?

Erg. Of me then know
From the firſt Head the Torrent of our Wo :
A Story that would Tears of pity wreſt
From Heart of Oak, much more from Human
Breast.

Whiſt yet the Prieſthood was not ty'd to age,
A Youthful Swain of Noble Parentage,
Then *Cynthia's* Prieſt, (*Aminta* was his Name)
The Nymph *Lucrina* did with Love enſlame.
All Creatures of her Sex exceeded ſhe
As much in Beauty as Inconſtancy.
She long requited, or at leaſt to fight
(If Looks and Eyes have Tongues) ſhe did requite
The pure Affection of the Love-ſick Lad,
And ſed his Hopes whiſt he no Rival had.
But when a Ruſtick Swain her Favour ſought,
(See now a perfect Woman !) in a Thought,
She left the Former, with one Sigh was ſhook,
With the faint Batt'ry of one Am'rous Look :
Her Heart's new Gueſt now takes up all the Room,
Diſlodg'd *Aminta* 'ere he knew for whom.

Hapleſs

Hapless *Aminta* ! who from that Day forth
 Was so abhor'd, held of so little Worth,
 By that Ingrate whom he did still adore,
 That she should neither hear nor see him more.
 If this Unkindness cut the Wretch to th' Heart,
 If he sigh'd, wept, and rav'd to thee who art
 Acquainted with Love's Pangs, I leave to guess.

Mir. O 'twas a Torment no one can express !

Erg. When then his Tears and Prayers he had
 cast

After his Heart, to *Cynthia* turn'd at last ;
 If ever with pure Heart, Goddess, (said he)
 And guiltless Hand I kindled Flame to thee,
 Revenge my Faith, which a perfidious Maid,
 Under safe Conduct of her Smiles betray'd.
 The Goddess (gentler than the Nymph was) hear
 The Faithful Lovers and her Servant's Tears
 And Pray'rs : And Pity kindling her just Ire,
 By Opposition did augment the Fire ;
 Her powerful Bow into her Hand she took,
 And in *Arcadia's* wretched Bosom stuck
 Arrows of Death and catching Pestilence
 Invisible, and therefore without Fence.
 Without Remorse they executè her Rage,
 Without Respect on ev'ry Sex and Age.
 Nor Antidotes nor Med'cines here avail'd,
 Nor flying now ; weak Art her Master fail'd :
 And oft, whilst he the Remedy apply'd,
 Before the Patient the Physician dy'd.
 The only Hope that's left is from the Sky,
 So to the nearest Oracle they fly,
 Which soon return'd an Answer clear enough,
 But above Measure terrible and rough ;

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That Cynthia was incens'd, but that the Land
Might be reliev'd, if by Aminta's Hand,
That Faithless Nymph Lucrina, or for her
Some one, of the Arcadian Nation were
As a just Off'ring to Diana slain.
 So she, when long sh'ad pray'd, long wept in vain,
 And long expected her new Lover's Aid,
 To th' Holy Altars like a Bride array'd,
 And with what Pomp Religion could devise,
 Was led a miserable Sacrifice.
 Where at those Feet from which hers fled so fast,
 (The Feet of her Idolater) at last
 Bending her trembling Knees, she did attend
 From the offended Youth, a cruel End.
 The sacred Knife he boldly did unsheathe,
 Rage and Revenge his Nostrils seem'd to breathe,
 His Eyes to sparkle ; turning then to her,
 Said with a Sigh, (Death's hollow Messenger)
 Whom thou hast left *Lucrina*, and whom took,
 Learn by this Blow: And with that Word he strook
 Himself, and plung'd the Knife in his own Breast
 To th' Haft : In one both Sacrifice and Priest
 Fell bleeding at her Feet, whilst she (amaz'd
 To see that dire unlook'd-for Object) gaz'd
 As one 'twixt Life and Death, nor yet did know
 If Grief had stab'd her, or the threat'ned Blow.
 But when she found her Tongue again, and knew
 Distinctly what was acted there, O true,
 O brave *Aminta*, (bathing in a Flood
 Of Tears) she said! O Lover, understood
 Too late! who by thy Death dost give to me
 Both Life and Death. If in forsaking thee

I fin'd ; lo, I redeem that Sin of mine,
 Wedding my Soul eternally to thine.
 This said, that Knife fresh reeking with the Gore
 Of the now lov'd in Death, and purpled o'er,
 She drew from his pale Breast, and in her own
 Sheath'd it again ; then willingly sunk down
 Into *Aminta's* Arms, who yet had Breath,
 And felt perchance that Light'ning before Death.
 Such was this Pair of Lovers tragick Fall,
 'Cause he kept too much Faith, she none at all.

Mir. O hapless Swain, yet happy in his Love,
 Having so rich Occasion to approve
 His spotless Faith, and dying to revive
 That Spark in her he could not be'ng alive !
 But what became then of the poor Diseas'd ?
 Did the Plague cease ? Was *Cynthia's* Wrath ap-
 peas'd ?

Erg. It did relent, but was not quite put out
 For the same Month (the Year be'ng wheel'd
 about)

It burst out with more Fury, and did make
 A dire Relapse : This forc'd us to betake
 Ourselves unto the Oracle again ;
 Which utter'd now a sadder Doom ; *That the*
And Yearly, we to Night's-offended Queen
A Maid, or Wife, should offer, past fifteen,
And short of twenty ; by which Means the Rage
Which swallow'd thousands, one Death should assuage
 Moreover a hard Law, and weighing well
 The Nature of that Sex impossible
 To keep ; a Law in bloody Letters writ
 On wretched Women was impos'd by it ;

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*That whatsoever Maid or Wife should prove
 In any Sort a Changling in her Love,
 Unless some Friend would pay the Penalty
 Instead of her, should without Mercy die.*
 This dire, this National Calamity,
 The good old Man has hope to remedy
 By Means of this desired Match ; because
 The Oracle, after some little Pause,
 Being ask'd again what End our Woe should have,
 To our Demand this punctual Answer gave ;
*Your Woe shall end when two of Race Divine
 Love shall combine :*

*And for a faithless Nymph's apostate State,
 A Faithful Shepherd supererogate.*
 Now there are left in all *Arcadia's* Sway
 Of heav'nly Stock no other Slips this Day
 But *Silvio* and fair *Amarillis* ; She
 From *Pan* descended, from *Alcides* He.
 Nor had there ever (to our much Regret)
 Of those two Lines a Male and Female met,
 As now there do : Whence the believing Father,
 Great Hopes of Good not without Cause does
 gather.

For though the Things foretold by th' Oracle,
 Be not fulfill'd, yet in each Particle,
 This is the fundamental Point ; the Rest
 Is still reserv'd in Fate's own secret Breast,
 And from the Marriage shall one Day ensue.
Mir. And all those Facts *Mirtillo* to undoe ?
 What a long Swing is fetch'd ! what Armies band
 Against one Heart half murder'd to their Hand !

Is't not enough that cruel Love's my Foe,
Unless Fate too conspire my Overthrow?

Erg. Alas, *Mirtillo* ! grieving does no good
Tears quench not Love, but are his Milk and
Food.

'T shall 'scape me hard, but 'ere the Sun descends
This cruel one shall hear thee, courage Friend
' These Sighs refresh not (as thou dost suppose)
' Thy burning Heart ; but rather are like the
' Impetuous Winds, which in a Town on fire
' The Bellows are to blow and fan it higher :
' Love's Whirlwinds, bringing to poor Love
ever,
' Black Clouds of Grief, which Show'rs of Tears
deliver.

S C E N E III.

Corisca.

Whoever saw, what Heart did ever prove
So strange, fond, impotent a Passion
And cold Disdain (a Miracle to me, [L
Two Contraries should in one Subject be
Both in Extreams!) I know not how, each other
Destroy, and generate ; inflame and smother
When I behold *Mirtillo*'s every Grace,
From his neat Foot to his bewitching Face,

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His unaffected Carriage, sweet Aspect,
Words, Actions, Looks, and Manners, they

eject

Such Flames of Love, that every Passion is,
Or seems to be quite overcome by this,
But when I think how dotingly he prizes
Another Woman, and for her despises
My almost-peerless Face, (although I say't)
On which a Thousand Eyes for Alms do wait,
Then do I scorn, abhor, and loath him more,
Than ever I did value him before,
And scarce can think it possible that he
Had ever any Interest in me.

O if my sweet *Mirtillo* were my own,
So that I had him to my self alone!
(These are my Thoughts sometimes) no mortal
Wight

More Bliss could boast of than *Corisca* might!
And then I feel such kindly Flames, so sweet
A Vapour rise, that I could almost meet
His Love half Way; nay, follow him, adore
His very Steps, and Aid from him implore:
Nay, I do love him so, I could expire
His Sacrifice in such a pleasing Fire.

Then I'm my self again: And what (say I)

A proud disdainful Boy! one that does fly

From me and love another! that can look

Upon this Face of mine, and not be strook!

But guard himself so well as not to die

For love! Shall I, that should behold him lie

Trembling and weeping at these Feet of mine,

As many better Men have done) incline

Trembling and Weeping at his Feet ; O no !
 And with this Thought into such Rage I grow
 Against myself, and him, that sounding strait
 Unto my Eyes, and Fancy a Retreat,
Mirtillo's Name worfe far than Death I seem
 To hate, and my own self for loving him ;
 Whom I would see the miserablest Swain,
 The most despis'd scorn'd Thing that does remain
 Upon the Earth ; and if I had my Will
 With mine own Hands I would the Villain kill
 Thus like two Seas encoun'ring, Hate and Love
 Desire and Scorn in me dire Battle move :
 And I (the Flame of thousand Hearts, the Race
 Of thousand Souls) languish, and burn, and
 lack

That pity I deny'd to others. I
 Who have in Cities oft been courted by
 Gallants and Wits, to whom great Lords have
 bent,

And yet withstood Vollies of Compliment,
 Squadrons of Lovers, jeer'd their idle Fires,
 And with false Hopes deluded their Desires ;
 Am now inforc'd t' a Rustick Swain to yield
 In single Fight t' a Fellow that's unskil'd !
 O thou most wretched of all Womankind,
Corisca ! Where couldst thou Diversion find
 Hadst thou no other Lover ? How assuage,
 Or by what Means deceive thy am'rous Rage
 Learn Women all from me this Housewifery
 Make you Conserve of Lovers to keep by.
 Had I no Lover but this sullen Boy ?
 Were I not well provided of a Joy ?

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' To extream Want how likely to be hurl'd,
 ' Is that ill House-wife, who in all the World
 ' But one Love only, but one Servant hath ?
Corisca will be no such Fool. ' What's Faith ;
 ' What's Constancy ? Tales which the Jealous
 feign

' To awe fond Girls : Names as absurd as vain.
 ' Faith in a Woman (if at least there be
 Faith in a Woman unreveal'd to me)

' Is not a Vertue, nor a heav'nly Grace,
 ' But the sad Penance of a ruin'd Face,
 ' That's pleas'd with one, 'cause it can please
 no more.

' A handsome Woman sought unto by store
 ' Of gallant Youths, if pleas'd with one alone,
 No Woman is, or is a foolish one.

' What's Beauty (tell me) if not view'd ? Or
 view'd,

' If not pursu'd ? Or if pursu'd, pursu'd
 ' By one alone ? Where Lovers frequent are,
 ' It is a Sign the Party lov'd is rare,
 ' Glorious and bright. A Woman's Honour is
 ' T'have many Servants : Courtly Dames know
 this

Who live in Towns, and those most practise it,
 Who have most Wealth, most Beauty, and most
 Wit.

'Tis Clownishness (say they) to reject any,
 And Folly too, since what's perform'd by many
 One cannot do : One Officer to wait,
 A Second to present, a Third to prate,

A Fourth for somewhat else ; so it does fall
 Out oft, that Favours being general,
 No Favours seem : Or Jealousy thus thrown
 To whet them, all are easier kept than one.
 This merry Life is by great Ladies led
 In Towns, and 'twas my Fortune to be bred
 With one of them ; by whose Example first,
 Next by her Rules, I in Love's Art was nurs'd
 Up from my Childhood : She would often say
 ' *Corisca*, thou must use another Day
 ' Thy Lovers like thy Garments, put on one,
 ' Have many, often shift, and wear out none
 ' For daily Conversation breeds distast,
 ' Distast Contempt, and Loathing at the last.
 Then get the Start, let not the Servant say,
 H'as turn'd his Mistress, not she him, away.
 And I have kept her Rules: I've Choice, and strive
 To please them all : To this my Hand I give
 And wink on him ; the handsom'st I admit
 Into my Bosom ; but not one shall get
 Into my Heart : And yet I know not how
 (Ay me!) *Mirtillo's* crept too near it now.
 He made me sigh, not sigh as heretofore
 To give false Fire, but real Flames deplore ;
 Robbing my Limbs of Rest, my Eyes of Sleep
 Ev'n I can watch 'till the gray Morning peep,
 (The discontented Lovers Truce ;) ev'n I
 (Strange Change!) to melancholy Walks can fly
 And through the gloomy Horrors of this Grove
 Trace the sweet Footsteps of my hated Love.
 What wilt thou do, *Corisca*? Sue? My Hate
 Permits not this, nor stands it with my State.

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Wilt thou then fly him, that wou'd shew more
Brains ?

But Love says no to that : What then remains ?
First I will try Allurements, and discover
The Love to him, but will conceal the Lover ;
I'll use Deceits, if that avail me not ;
And if those fail me too, my Brain shall plot
A brave Revenge : *Mirtillo* shall partake
Hate, if he spurn at Love ; and I will make
His *Amarillis* rue, that she was e'er
A Rival unto me, to him so dear.
Last I will teach you both what 'tis to move
A Woman to abhor where she did love.

SCENE IV.

Titiro, Montano, Dametas.

Titiro.

I speak, *Montano*, what I know is true,
And speak to One who knows more than I do.
" Your Oracles are still obscurer far
" Than we imagine : And their Answers are
B 5 Like

“ Like Knives, which if they warily be caught

“ By that safe Part which for the Hand was wrought,

“ are useful ; but if rashly they be ta'en

“ By th' Edge or Point, one may be hurt or slain

That *Amarillis* (as thou argu'ft) shou'd

By Heav'n be destin'd for the gen'ral Good

And Safety of *Arcadia*, who should rather

Desire and joy, than I who am her Father ?

But when I mark the Words of th' Oracle,

Methinks with those the Signs agree not well.

If Love must join them, and the One does fly

How can that be ? How can the Strings which

tie

The True-Love's Knot be Hatred and Disdain ?

“ That cannot be oppos'd which Heav'n's ordain.

Since then we see such Opposition here,

That Heav'n did not ordain it, 'tis most clear

Had they been pleas'd that *Silvio* should have had

My *Amarillis*, they would him have made

A Lover, not a Huntsman.

Mont. Dost not see,

He's Young, not yet Seventeen ? In Time ev'n

Will feel the Dart of Love.

Tit. A Dog has got

His Love : I know not why a Nymph should not

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Mont. " Youths are inclin'd much more to Recreation.

Tit. " And is not Love a nat'ral Inclination ?

Mont. " Before the Time 'tis an unnat'ral Thing.

Tit. " Love is a Blossom which adorns our Spring.

Mont. " Your forward Blossoms seldom come to good.

Tit. " They seldom fail where Frosts nip not the Bud.

But came I hither to dispute with thee,

Montano ? I nor can, nor fits it me.

Yet I'm a Father too of a most dear

And only Child ; and (if Love do not blear

My Eyes) a worthy one ; such (under favour)

That many su'd me, and still do, to have her.

Mont. Were not this Marriage made in Heav'n by Fate,

'Tis made on Earth by Faith, to violate

Which, (*Titiro*) were rashly to prophane

The Godhead of great *Cynthia*, in whose Fane

The solemn Oath was taken. Now how ready

She is to wrath, and how incens'd already

Against this Country, thou art not to learn.

But I profess, as far as I discern,

And a Priest's Mind rapt up above the Sky,

Into th' Eternal Councils there can pry,

This Knot by th' Hand of Destiny was knit,

And all those Signs which should accompan' it,

Have

(Have thou but Faith) will fall out just and right
In their due Time. I'll tell thee more ; this Night
I in my Dream a certain Thing have view'd,
Which my old Hopes has more than e'er new'd.

Tit. Dreams are but Dreams : But well, who
didst thou view ?

Mont. Thou dost remember, I presume, (for
who

Amongst us all is such a stupid Wight
As to forget) that lamentable Night,
When swelling *Ladon* (weary of his Yoke)
The Banks with his rebellious Waters broke
So that where Birds were wont to build their
Nests

Usurping Fishes swam, and Men and Beasts
And Flocks, and Herds, promiscuously ta'en
Th' impartial Deluge swept into the Main
That very Night, (O bitter Memory !)
I lost my Heart, or rather that which I
More dearly priz'd, a Child, a tender one,
In swathing Bands, and then my only Son.
Both then and since (tho' he be dead) as dear
To me, as if my only Son he were :
The cruel Torrent ravish'd him away
Before the People of the House, (who lay
In Darkness, Fear and Sleep bury'd alive)
With any timely Succour could arrive :
We could not find the empty Cradle neither
But (as I guess) that and the Child together
Were swallow'd by the Flood.

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Tit. What else can be
 Suppos'd I think I've heard (Perchance from
 thee)

This Loss of thine before, in very Truth
 A miserable one, and full of ruth ;
 And I may say, of thy two Sons the Floods
 Have swallow'd one, the other's lost i'th' Woods.

Mon. Perhaps kind Hea'vn in the surviving
 Brother,

Will make me Rich amends yet for the other :

'Tis always good to hope. Now hear me out:

'Twas at the Dawning of the Morn, about

That mungrel Hour which gotten betwixt Night

And Day, is half an Ethiop and half White:

When having Watch out all the Night almost,

With various Fancies of this Marriage tost,

Quite overcome at length with Weariness,

A gentle Slumber did my Eyes oppress,

Which with it such a lively Vision brought,

That though I slept, I was awake. Methought,

On fam'd *Alfeo's* Bank I angling fate

Under a shady Beach, there came up strait

A grave old Man, down to the Middle bare,

His Chin all dropping and his grised Hair ;

Who with both Hands, and Countenance be-

nigne,

Put a nak'd weeping Infant into mine,

Saying, *Lo here thy Son, and take good heed*

Thou kill him not ; then div'd into the Reed.

With that, black Clouds obscur'd th' ethereal
 Round,

And

And threat'ning me with a dire Tempest
frown'd.

I to my Bosom clapt the Babe for fear,
And cry'd, shall then one Hour both give and
bear

Away my Joy ? Strait all the Welkin turn'd
Serene, and Thunderbolts to Ashes burn'd,
Fell hissing in the River, with Bows broken,
And Shafts by Thousands, Signs which did
betoken

Extinguish'd Vengeance; then a shrill Voice brak
From the riv'd Beach, which thus distinct
spake,

*Believe Montano, and thy Hope still nourish,
Thy fair Arcadia once again shall flourish.*

So ever since, in my Eyes, Mind, and Breast
The pleasing Figure of this Dream's impress,
Standing before me still in every Place ;
But above all the courteous Mien and Face
Of that old Man (methinks I see him wet)
Which made me coming now, when thee I met
Directly to the Temple, there with pure
And holy Sacrifice my Dream t' insure.

Tit. ' Truly, *Montano*, Dreams are Histories
' Of what is past, rather than Prophecies
' Of what's to come : Meer Fragments of former
Sight,
' Or Thought of the past Day, which print
Night

' A vain Reflection of themselves, like those
' Which in a Cloud the Sun opposed shows.

Mont. ' Not always with the Senses sleeps the
Soul :

' Rather when she is free from all Controul
' Of coufening Forms, which do the Senses
blind,
' Whilst they're asleep, more wakeful is the
Mind.

Tu. In fhort : How Heav'n has destin'd to
dispose

Of our two Children, neither of us knows :
But this is clear to both of us, thine flies,
And againſt *Nature's* Law, does *Love* deſpife.
And mine (as't proves) is ty'd ; herſelf yet hath
No Benefit of her engaged Faith.

Nor do I know whether ſhe Loves or no :
That ſhe makes others love full well I know ;
And can I think it probable that ſhe
Should many wound, and go herſelf ſtill free ?
Methinks of late ſhe's alter'd in her Cheer,
Who us'd all Mirth and Jollity t'appear.

' But to put Maids in mind of marrying,
' And not to marry them is an ill Thing.

' As in a curious Garden a fair Roſe,

' Which (cloyſt' red up in Leaves) did late reſoſe

' Under the ſable Canopy of Night

' Upon its Mother-ftalk, with the firſt Light

' Raiſes its Head, then opes its tender Eye,

' Whence whiſp'ring Bees ſuck Nectar as they fly;

' Then to the Sun which on its Form does gaze,

' Its purple and perfum'd Breſt diſplays :

' But if it be not gather'd then, and ſtay

' Till it be kiſſ'd by the Meridian Ray,

Before

' Before the Sun to th' other World be fled,
 ' Upon its mourning Stalk it hangs the Head;
 ' So pale, so shrunk, so without Life it shows,
 ' That one can hardly say this was a Rose.
 ' So a young Virgin, whilst her Mother's Care
 ' Shuts and preserves her from the blasting Air,
 ' Shuts her own Bosom too against Desire:
 ' But if she find some am'rous Youth to eye
 ' her
 ' And hears him sigh, she shews him straight her
 ' Heart,
 ' And in her tender Breast receives Love's Dart
 ' Then if by Fear, or else by Maiden Shame,
 ' She be with-held from shewing of her Flame,
 ' (Poor Soul!) Concealment like a Worm
 ' i'th' Bud,
 ' Lies in her damask Cheek sucking the Blood:
 ' So all her Beauty's gone; if that Fire last,
 ' And all her Lovers when her Beauty's past.
Mon. Take Courage, *Ti'tiro*; do not embat
 Thy Soul with mortal Fears, but nobly place
 Thy Hopes above; ' Heav'n favours a strong
 Faith,
 And a faint Pray'r ne'er climb'd that arduous
 Path.
 ' And if all Men should pray to Heav'n at
 ' Need,
 ' And pray with Hope, much more should
 Heav'n's own Seed.
 Our Childrens Pedigree you know's Divine,
 ' And Heav'n that shines on all, will surely
 ' shine

ed, Head; On its own Progeny. Come, *Tiuro*,
 shows, Together to the Temple let us go,
 e. Together offer, thou a He-Goat there
 s Care To *Pan*, and I to *Hercules* a Steer.
 g Air, The Gods who bless the Herds, will bless no less
 : Them, who the Gods do with those Blessings
 to eye bless.

Trufty *Dametas* go, and quickly cull
 ght her From my fair Herd the Best and Gentlest Bull,
 And bring him to me to the Temple strait ;
 s Dart Come by the Hill, the nearest Way is that.
 Shame, *Tit.* And good *Dametas*, from my Herd
 Flame, bring one
 Worn Of the best Goats.

Dam. Both shall with speed be done.
 Blood, *Tit.* May the high Gods pleas'd in their Good-
 nefs be
 ft, To bless (*Montano*) this thy Dream to thee,
 past. Ev'n to thy utmost Wish : This Memory
 embas Of thy lost Son is a good Augury.
 place
 strong

SCENE V.

Satyr.

should
 A S Frosts to Plants, to ripen'd Ears a
 Storm ;
 ine, To Flow'rs the Mid-day Sun, to Seed the
 l surely Worm ;
 O To Stags the Toys, to Birds the Lime-twigg ; fo
 Is

‘ Is Love to Man an everlasting Foe.
 And he that call’d it Fire, pierc’d well into
 Its treach’rous Nature ; for if Fire thou vie
 How bright and beautiful it is ? Approach’d
 How warm and comfortable ? But when touch’d
 O how it burns ! The Monster-bearing Ear
 Did never teem such a prodigious Birth :
 It cuts like Razors, like wild Beasts devours
 And through a Woodlike winged Light’ning
 scowers.

Where-e’er it fixes its imperious Foot,
 Cottage and Palace, all must yield unto ’t :
 So Love, if thou behold it in a Pair
 Of starry Eyes, in a bright Tress of Hair,
 How temptingly it looks ! what kindly Flare
 It Breathes ! what Peace, what Pardons it p
 claims !

But in thy Bosom if thou do it keep,
 So that it gather Strength, and ’gin to creep
 No Tygres in *Hircanian* Mountains nurst,
 No *Lybian* Lions is half so curst,
 Nor frozen Snake foster’d with Human Breat
 His Flames are hot as Hell, Bonds strong
 Death ;

He is Wrath’s Hangman, Pity’s Enemy,
 And to conclude, Love void of Love. But w
 Accuse I him ? Is he the Author then
 Of all those Pranks which mortal Wights,
 when

They are in Love, but out of their Wits,
 Women, perfidious Women, ’tis to you

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That I impute Love's Rancour; all what's naught,
In him from you is by Infection caught.

He of himself is Good, Meek as the Dove
That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love;
But you have made him wild; for though ye
joy

With your own Hands to feed the winged Boy,
Yet do you shut each Pore so of your Breast,
That in your Hearts he cannot build his Nest.
And all your Care, Pride, Pleasure, ye do
Place

In the meer Outside of a simp'ring Face.
Nor is 't your Study how to pay true Love,
And wager whether shall more constant prove;
To bind two Souls in one, and of one Heart
To make the other but the Counter-part;
But how your silver Hair your Gold to hatch,
Then purse it up into a Net to catch
Poor Souls withal, and like gold Valence let
Some Curls hang dangling o'er your Brows of
Jet.

How much against my Stomach does it go
To see you paint your Cheeks, to cover so
The Faults of Time and Nature! How ye make
Pale Feuille a mort a pure Vermilian take,
Fill up the Wrinkles, die black white, a Spot
With a Spot hide, where 'tis, make't where 'tis
not.

You tie a Thread across, whereof one End
Held in your Teeth, the other is sustain'd.

By

By your Left Hand, whilst of the running Knot
Your Right Hand makes a Noose to open and
shut

Like shaving Tongs : This Instrument you use
To your rough downy Foreheads, and with
Shave all the Down, and the wild Hairs which
shoot

Above their Fellows, pull up by the Root ;
And all the while such Torment you are in,
That 'tis at once a Penance and a Sin.

Nor is this all ; your Qualities are much
After your Faces, and your Faith is such
As are your Works. For what is there in you
That is not counterfeit and painted too ?

Do your Lips open ? Before ye speak ye lye ;
And if ye sigh, ye lye most damnably.
False Lights your Eyes are, and false Weights
your Ears ?

Your Hearts false Measures, and false Peasures
your Tears :

So talk or look, or think, or laugh or cry,
Seem or seem not, walk, stand, or sit, ye lye
Nay, there is more yet, your coufening thoughts
Most who on you do mostly then repose ;

Your Loving most those who do least love
you,

And chusing to die rather than be true ;
These are the bad Arts, these are the curs'd Ways
That make Love sad and hateful in our Days
All his Faults then we may most justly lay
On you ; or rather on ourselves : For they

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Sin that believe you. Then the Fault's in me
 (Perjur'd *Corisca*) who did credit thee ;
 Come hither only for my Bane (I think)
 From *Argos* wicked Streets, of Vice the Sink.
 Yet th'art so sly, and play'st so well the Scout,
 To keep thy Deeds and Thoughts from tra-
 cing out,
 That 'mongst the chasteft Dames thou jett'st it
 now,
 With Honesty stamp'd on thy haughty Brow :
 What Scorns have I receiv'd, what Discontent
 From this ungrateful Woman? I repent,
 Yea, blush I was so fond. Example take
 By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make
 ' An Idol of a Face, and take 't for granted,
 ' There's no such Devil as a Woman fainted.
 She thinks her Wit and Beauty without Peer,
 And o'er her slavish Soul does domineer
 Like some great Goddess, counting thou wert
 born
 (As a Thing mortal) only for her Scorn ;
 Takes all that Praise as Tribute of her Merit,
 Which is the Flatt'ry of thy abject Spirit.
 Why so much Serving? So much Admirations?
 Such Sighs, such Tears, such humble Sup-
 plications ?
 These are the Woman's Arms : Let us express
 Ev'n in our Loves Valour and Manliness.
 Time was when I (as lusty as I am)
 Thought Tears and Sighs could Womans Heart
 enflame :

But

But now I find I err'd ; for if she bears
 A stony Heart, in vain are Sighs and Tears,
 We must strike Fire out of her Breast by dint
 Of Steel : What Fool us'd Bellows to a Flint
 Leave, leave thy Tears and Sighs, if thou
 wouldst make

A conquest of thy Dame ; and if thou bask
 Indeed with unextinguishable Fire,
 In thy Heart's Center smother thy Desire
 The Best thou canst, and watch thy Time
 do

That which both Love and Nature prompt
 thee to :

' For Modesty's the Charter of the Woman
 ' Who will not have her Privilege made com-
 mon ;

' Nor though she uses it herself with Men,
 ' Would she have them to use't with her again
 ' Being a Vertue for the Admiration
 ' Of them that court her, not their Imitation
 ' This is the plain and natural Way of Love
 Indeed the only one that I approve.

My coy Corisca shall not find of me
 A bashful Lover (as I us'd to be)
 But a bold Foe ; and she shall feel I can
 Assault her with the Weapons of a Man,
 As well as with the Woman's Arms.

now

I've caught this Eel, and yet I know not how
 She has slipped through my Hands ; but if
 come

A third Time near my Boat, I'll strike so hard

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Through both her Gills, that I shall marr her
Flight ;

Here she comes forth to Relief ev'ry Night,
And like to a good Hound snuff round about
To find her Track : If I do scent her out,
I have at her Coat ; O how I mean to be
Revenge'd upon her ! I will make her see
That Love sometimes (though he appear stark
blind)
Can from his Eyes the Handkerchief unbind :
And that no Woman (though she may a while)
Can glory long in Perjury and Guile.

C H O R U S.

O Powerful Law, which Heaven or Nature,
Writ in the Heart of every Creature !
Those amiable Violence,
And pleasing Rapture of the Sense,
Does bias all Things to that Good
Which we desire not understood.
For the exteriour Bark alone,
Subject to th' Sense of every one,
Those frail Materials quickly must
Resolve again into the Dust ;
But the hid Seeds and inward Cause,
Those Substance is eternal, moves and draws.
And if the ever-teeming World bring forth
Many Things of admirable Worth,

If

If whatsoever Heaven's great Eyes,
 The Sun and Moon, or his small Spies
 The Stars behold, doth own a Soul
 Whose active Pow'r informs the Whole ;
 If thence all Humane Seed have Birth,
 All Plants and Animals ; if th' Earth
 Be green, or on her wrinkled Brow it snows,
 From that immortal and pure Spring it flows.

Nor this alone : On mortal Crown
 Whatever restless Spheers rowl down ;
 Whence all our Actions guided are
 By Happy or Unhappy Star ;
 Whence our frail Lives their Qu receive,
 This Stage to enter, and to leave.
 Whatever thwarts, whatever stills
 Our forward, and our childish Wills
 (Which seeming to be Fortune's Play,
 To give and take our Things away,
 The World ascribes to her) has all
 From that high Vertue its Original.

Soul of the World : If it were thou didst see
 Arcadia should have Rest and Peace one Day,
 And like a Snake renew her Youth,
 What Man dares question so Divine a Truth ?
 If what the famous Oracle
 Of two whom Fate should couple did foretel,
 It spake but as thy Mouth, if fixt it be
 In the eternal Depth of thy Decree,
 And if the Tripeds do not Falshoods vent,
 Ah ! who retards thy Will's Accomplishment ?
 Behold, a scornful Boy, a Foe
 To Love and Beauty : He (although

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Extract from Heav'n) with Heav'n contends !

Behold another Youth offends

In Love as much, (in vain deserving

To be preferr'd for humble Serving)

And with his Flame thwarts thy Decree !

And the less Hope he has to see

His Service and his true Love's Hire,

The clearer burns his Faith and Fire ;

And he now for that Beauty dies,

Which t'other (whom 'tis kept for) does despise.

Is Jove divided then about his Doom ?

Has doubtful Fate Twins struggling in her Womb ?

Or does Man's Mountain-hope, unlevel'd yet,

New impious Giants in Rebellion set,

On both Sides to assault the Tow'r of Jove,

By loving, and by shunning Love ?

Have we such Strength ? And o'er the Pow'rs above

shall two blind Pow'rs triumph, Disdain and Love ?

But thou High Mover of the Orb, that rid'st

the Stars and Fate, and with thy Wisdom guid'st

their Course, look down upon our tott'ring State,

and reconcile Disdain and Love with Fate.

That Ice, this Flame, thaw, quench with Heav'nly

Dew,

Make not one fly, another not pursue.

And let not two Mens Obstinacy stand

betwixt thy promis'd Mercy and a Land.

C

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*And yet who knows ? What we imagine is
 Our greatest Cross, may prove our greatest Bliss.
 " If on the Sun no Human Eye can gaze,
 " Who then can pierce into Jove's bidden Ways ?*



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A C T II. S C E N E I.

Ergasto, Mirtillo.

Ergasto.



What a Walk have I had ! At the
Race,
The Mead, Hill, River, Fountain,
Wrestling-place

I've been to seek thee ; Heav'n be prais'd, at last
I've found thee here.

Mir. What News requires such Haste ?
Bring'st thou me Life or Death ?

Erg. The Last's a Thing
Which if I had for thee, I would not bring :
The Former, though I have not for thee yet,
I hope to bring. But why art thou o'er-set
With thy own Sighs ? If thou wouldst overcome
Another, overcome thy self at Home :
Live and respire again — But to proceed
To that which made me seek thee with such
speed ;

The Matter's this : Know'st thou (who does
not know ?)

Ormino's Sister ? Rather tall than low

She is of Stature, cherry-cheek'd, her Hair
Inclin'd to Flax, and of a sprightly Air.

Mirt. What is her Name?

Erg. Corisca.

Mir. Yes, I do

Know her, and have conversed with her too.

Erg. Know then that she (see the good Luck
on't! What

Has been the Means to work it I know not,
Or on whose Score it comes) is grown of late
With *Amarillis* very intimate.

Which I perceiving, a Relation made
Of thy Affection unto her, and pray'd
Both her Assistance and her Secrecy
Therein, which she accorded readily.

Mir. O blest a thousand thousand Times and
more

Than all (*Mirtillo*) that e'er lov'd before,
If this be true: But prethee, did she say
Nothing at all unto thee of the Way?

Erg. Nothing as yet, and I will tell thee why
Corisca said, she could not certainly
Determine of the Way 'till she might know
Some Circumstances of thy Love, that so
She might be better able to discern
The Inclination of the Nymph, and learn
How to address her self, with Subtilty,
Or with Intreaties; what 'twere best to try,
Or what to leave: This was the Cause made
To come so hastily in search of thee.
Therefore from first to last thou shalt do well
Thy Love's whole Story unto me to tell.

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Mir. I'll do it. But know, Friend, to
 stir again.

The bitter Memory of Love in vain,
 Is like the Tossing of a Torch about
 One's Head i'th' Air, thinking to shake it out
 When Agitation kindles it, and makes
 The Flame cling faster to the melting Wax.
 Or like the Tugging of a deep-fix'd Dart,
 By which the Wound's made greater, and the
 Smart.

Most true it is, I shall a Tale relate,
 Which will demonstrate the unsure Estate
 Of Lovers Hopes, and that how'er the Root
 Of Love be sweet, it bears a bitter Fruit.

In that fair Season when Day's Wheels out-
 run

The Night's ('twas just a Twelvemonth since)
 this Sun

Of Beauty, this fair Pilgrim came to bring
 With her Approach, as 'twere a second Spring
 To my then only rich and happy Nest,
Elis and *Pisa* with her Presence blest;

Brought by her Mother in those solemn Days,
 When Sacrifices and Olympick Plays
 Through all the World so famous are kept there
 In Honour of the mighty Thunderer.

Shows worthy sure of those fair Eyes: But
 those

Fair Eyes themselves were far the worthier
 Shows.

Whence I, who 'till that Instant never knew
What Flames of Love did mean, at the first

View

Of those bright Lamps, yielded, and never
fought

One Stroke against her ; for I felt (methought)
Two fiery Balls fly whizzing through my Liver
And Beauty (a bold Thief) cry'd, *Stand, De-
liver*

Thy Heart, *Mirtillo*.

Erg. O Love's piercing Steel,
Which they alone can Understand that feel !

Mir. But now to see what cunning Love
suggests,

Ev'n to the Youngest and the Simplest Breasts
I made a dear young Sister of my own
(Who was my cruel Nymph's Companion grown
Whilst she in *Elis* and in *Pisa* staid)

Acquainted with my Pain. This silly Maid
Was all the Council Love allotted me
For managing my am'rous Business : She
With her own Garments decks me in great Order
And binds my short Hair with a borrowed
Border,

Then braids it all with Flowers, hanging a Bow
And Quiver by my Side, and last does show
How I should frame my Words and Counte-
nance, where

No Footsteps of a Beard did then appear.
The Hour approached, she conducted me
Where my Nymph us'd to play ; and there
found we

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Some Noble *Megarenſian* Maids, whom Blood
 And Love link'd to her, as I underſtood.
 'Mongſt them was ſhe like Royal Roſe 'mongſt
 low-

Born Violets : And when as they had ſo
 For a good Space without more Paſtime ſtaid,
 A *Megarenſian* Virgin roſe, and ſaid ;
 What, at a Time for Paſtime ſo renown'd,
 Shall we without our Sports be idle found !
 And have not (Siſters) we our Weapons then
 To make Mock-fights withal as well as Men ?
 By my Advice we'll praſtiſe our Arms now
 Againſt our ſelves in jeſt, as we muſt do
 In earneſt one Day againſt Men : Let's kiſs,
 And wage a kiſſing War ; and ſhe that is
 The beſt Kiſs-giver ſhall receive for Meed
 This curious Wreath. All laugh'd, and cry'd,
Agreed.

Forthwith, not ſtaying for the Word or Sign,
 Theſe eager *Amazons* in Battle joyn :
 No Ranks they kept, no Colours knew, nor Side,
 But all Confuſion, and each each deſi'd.
 The *Megarenſian* this perceiving, ſtrait
 To the diſorder'd Troops ſounds a Retreat ;
 And after ſaid, Let her deſervedly
 The juſt Judge of all our Kiſſes be
 Whoſe Mouth is faireſt. With one Voice
 Of Peerleſs *Amarillis* they made choice.
 She Sweetly bending her fair Eyes,
 Her Cheeks in modeſt Bluſhes dies,
 To ſhew through her transparent Skin
 That ſhe is no leſs Fair within

Than she's without ; or else her Countenance
 Envyng the Honour done her Mouth perchance,
 Puts on her scarlet Robes, as who
 Should say, And am not I Fair too ?

Erg. Blest Man to be transform'd at such a
 Time,

As if this Accident thou couldst divine !

Mirt. The fair Judge takes her Seat, and
 now renews

The am'rous Fight, according to the Use
 Of War ; by Lots they march up one by one,
 To try their Mouths by hers, (the Paragon
 Of Sweetness) or (as I may term it well)
 Of *Orient* Pearls a perfum'd *Indian* Shell,
 And the two Lips a two-leav'd Coral-door
 With honey'd Lock, to ope and shut with more
 Facility upon the pearly Treasure.

O my *Ergast*' that I could tell the Pleasure
 Of those sweet Kisses ! But do thou hence
 guess it,

That Mouth which tasted it, cannot express it.
 Extract then all the Sweetness which remains
 In *Hybla-combs*, in *Cyprian* Sugar-canes,
 It will be nothing to that World of Bliss
 I suck'd from thence.

Erg. O happy Theft ! sweet Kisses !

Mirt. Sweet, but yet lame ; the better Half
 was missing,

The Soul, which gives, Perfection all, to kissing:

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For though Love gave them, Love restor'd
 them not.

Erg. But hadst thou not some Fear when
 'twas thy Lot

To kiss ?

Mirt. My Heart (*Ergasto*) to say true,
 Was at my Mouth, and my Soul shrunk into
 A narrow Volume ; 'twas one Kiss, whence all
 My Limbs stood tott'ring like an ill propt Wall.
 And when I came under the Battery,
 And within Aim of her sure killing Eye,
 I fear'd the Majesty of that bright Look,
 Left in the very Act I should be took
 Of Theft and Guile which I was then about.
 But strait her Count'nance clearing me that doubt
 By a serene and unsuspected Smile,
 I ventur'd boldly on. Love stood the while
 (*Ergasto*) like a Bee hid in the Leaves
 Of her Lips Roses ; and whilst she receives
 The Kisses of my Mouth with hers unmov'd
 And passive, I the Honey only prov'd.
 But when she Active likewise grows,
 And thrusts out this and t' other Rose,
 (Whether her Gaiety of Heart it was,
 Or my good Luck, for 'twas not Love alas)
 When our two Mouths snapt like a Bone well
 set

And like two Tallies that are Brothers met,
 (O my dear sweet and num'rous Treasure !
 Do I out-live so great a Pleasure ?)
 Then, then I felt the Sharp sweet Dart,
 The am'rous Sting piercing my Heart.

Which was (it seems) restor'd me then,
 That I might have it hurt agen.
 I then as soon as I had found
 Her Lips had giv'n me my Death's Wound,
 Was ready, like some desperate gasping Wight,
 The Weapon which had wounded me to bite:
 When suddenly her sweet Breath, like the Blaff
 Of an inspiring Deity, did cast
 A holy Damp upon my saucy Blood,
 Which all immodest and wild Heat withstood.

Erg. O Modesty, the Block and *Remora*
 Which ever lies in the true Lover's Way!

Mirt. Now all of them had had their Turns
 and come

With Thoughts suspended to attend the Doom,
 When *Amarillis* judging mine t' exceed
 All th' other Kisses, plac'd the Victor's Meed
 (That curious Wreath) with her own snowy
 Hand

Upon my Head. But O! no *Lybian* Sand
 Beneath the *Syrian* Dog e'er broil'd so much
 When he both barks and bites; his Rage is such
 As my whole Heart was then on fire
 Betwixt Fruition and Desire.

And (being never conquer'd half so much
 As when I was a Conqueror) such
 My Boldness was, that from my Head
 I reach'd the Wreath to her, and said,
 This is thy Due, for thee 'tis meet,
 Who with thy Mouth hast made my Kisses sweet
 And she most courteously accepting it,
 For her fair Hair made it a Coronet,

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And crown'd mine with another, which before
 Upon her own divine fair Head she wore :
 Which is the same I now do bear, and shall
 Heav'n willing) to my Funeral,
 Wither'd as 'tis, to keep in Memory
 That happy Day ; but most to signify
 My wither'd Hopes.

Erg. Thy Case does Pity, and not Envy claim,
Mirtillo : Or hereafter let thy Name
 ' Be *Tantalus* ; for he that jests with Love,
 ' Or plays with Fire, shall Pain in earnest prove,
 Poor Youth ! thou took'st up transitory Treasure
 At too much Use, and of thy Theft the Pleasure
 And Punishment together didst receive.
 But did she never the Deceit perceive ?

Mirt. I know not that, *Ergasto* ; this I do,
 Whilst she thought *Elis* worthy of her View,
 She was still bounteous to me of her Eye,
 And gracious Smiles. But my hard Destiny
 Snatching her thence, and unawares almost,
 I strait came flying hither, where thou know'st
 My Father, though he sojourn'd long abroad,
 Yet still retains his wonted poor Abode.
 I came and saw (O Sight !) my Day begun
 In such a fair and smiling Morn, now run
 To its long West. When I appear'd in Place,
 The Lightning of Disdain flash'd in my Face ;
 Then did she bend her Eyes, and turn'd away,
 These Meteors bode my Death, then did I say.
 Mean while, that I should so by stealth depart,
 My tender Father deeply took to Heart ;

And

And with the Grief on 't an Infirmitie
 So terrible, that he was like to die.
 This forc'd me back, which prov'd (alas!)
 in one,

Health to the Father, Sicknes to the Son.
 For Half a Year of a Love-caused-Feaver
 I languish'd, and I think had languish'd ever,
 If my Indulgent Father had not sought
 In Time the Tripods Counsel; whence he
 brought

This Answer, *That th' Arcadian Air alone*
Could make me Well again. I thereupon
 Return'd (*Ergasto*) to revisit her
 (O Fallacy of that Grand Sophister,
 The Oracle!) who made my Body whole,
 To cause eternal Sicknes in my Soul.

Erg. Thou hast related a strange Tale in
 Truth,

Mirtillo, a Case worthy of much Ruth
 Without all doubt. 'But oft a desp'rate State
 'Has prov'd the Cause that cures as desperate,
 'Have sav'd the Sick. And now 'tis Time
 I go

To tell *Corisca* what from thee I know:
 Expect me at the Fountain, there will I
 'Ere long be with thee.

Mirt. Go on prosp'rously;
 And Heav'n at Need that Pity shew to thee,
 (Courteous *Ergasto*) which thou shew'ft to me.

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S C E N E II.

*Dorinda, Lupino, Silvio.**Dorinda.*

Faithful and fortunate, Delight and Care
 Of my fair *Silvio*, and as proud as fair.
 Thrice fortunate *Melampo*, that I were
 Unto thy cruel Master half so dear !
 With that white Hand with which he gripes
 my Heart,
 He stroaks and feeds thee, nor does he depart
 From thee by Night, nor part from thee by Day ;
 Whilst I that so much love him, in vain pray,
 And sigh in vain. And that which worse I bear
 Than all the Rest, he gives to thee such dear
 And luscious Kisses, one of which would make
 Me rich, and I too kiss thee for his Sake,
 Happy *Melamp'* ; O Dog sent from Above,
 To steer the erring Footsteps of blind Love !
 Lead on, sure Guide, whither Affection me,
 But Nature only, and Instinct draw thee.
 But hark a little, does not a Horn blow
 In this near Thicket ?

Sil. Sogh, *Melampo*, Sogh !

Dor. That is (if Love delude me not) the Sound
 Of *Silvio's* Voice, who seems to call his Hound
 About these Woods.

Sil.

Sil. Melampo, Sogh, hogh, hogh.

Dor. It is the very Voice of *Silvio*; O, Happy *Dorinda*, to whom Heav'n has sent The self same Thing in search whereof I went! I'll hide the Dog; with that he holds so dear I may chance buy his love. *Lupino*!

Lup. Here.

Dor. Go take this Dog, and hide thee here about:

Conceiv'st thou me?

Lup. I do.

Dor. But come not out Until I call.

Lup. I wo'nt.

Dor. Nay, quickly Man.

Lup. And do thou quickly take some Order then,

That if the Dog should have a hungry Fit, He may not swallow me up at a Bit.

Dor. A Coward! Hence.

Sil. O whither shall I steer

My wretched Steps, to follow thee my dear Faithful *Melampo*? Over Hill and Plain, 'Till I am tir'd and founde'r'd, I in vain Have hunted for thee. Cursed be the Doe Thou follow'dst: But behold, a Nymph may know

Some News of him! O vile Encounter! This Is she, who with her Importunities Torments me still: But there's no Remedy Save Patience now. Fair Nymph, didst thou see my

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Faithful *Melampo*, whom I slipt, while-ere;
After a Doe ?

Dor. I (*Silvio*) fair ? I fair ?
Why dost thou call me fair ? If that I be
Not fair in thy Eyes.

Sil. Fair or foul, didst see
My Dog ? Answer me that : If not, I go.

Dor. So harsh to her adores thee, *Silvio* ? Oh !
Who would believe in that sweet Shape could
nest

So sour a Soul ? Thou follow'st a wild Beast
That flies thee over Rocks ; and for a Cur
Vexest thy Body and thy Mind : But her
That follows thee, and thy Content does prize
Above the World, thou fly'st and dost despise.
Ah ! do not follow a wild flying Doe,
Is't not a tame one, caught already ? Go
Do not unbind her.

Sil. Nymph, I came in search
Of my *Melampo*, not to hear thee preach.
Adieu.

Dor. O fly not, cruel *Silvio*, no ;
I'll tell thee News of thy *Melampo*.

Sil. Go,
Thou mock'st *Dorinda*.

Dor. By that Love I swear
That makes me *Silvio*'s Servant, I know where
He is. Thou say'st he did a Doe pursue.

Sil. He did ; and strait I lost them both
from View.

Dor. The Dog and Doe then at this present
Time

Arc

Are in my Power.

Sil. In thy Power?

Dor. Yes, in mine,

'Twas that I said : Dost thou think much that
she

Should love thy Dog (ungrateful) who loves
thee ?

Sil. My dear *Dorinda*, give 'em to me ftrait,

Dor. Out Shittle-Cock, I'm come to a fine
State,

When Beasts endear me to thee. But indeed
(My Heart) thou get'st them not without some
Meed.

Sil. And Reason good, I'll give thee ; let
me see----

(I'll cozen her.)

Dor. What wilt thou give to me ?

Sil. Two fair Queen-apples I will give to thee,
Which my own fairer Mother gave to me
The other Day.

Dor. For Apples, I want none :
I could give thee two fairer of my own,
And sweeter too, but that thou carest not
For what I give.

Sil. Then wouldst thou have a Goat ?
Or Lambkin ? (but my Father will not let
Me make so bold with what is his as yet.)

Dor. Nor Goat, nor Lambkin, do I care
to have :

Thee only, *Silvio*, and thy Love I crave.

Sil. My Love ? No more !

Dor. No more.

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Sil. I give it, so
Give me my Dog, (dear Nymph) now, and
my Doe.

Dor. Ah, thou that knew'st the Worth of
what thou art,
So bounteous of, dost speak it from thy Heart!

Sil. Nymph mark my Words: I find thou
talk'st to me
Still of a Thing call'd Love; what this should be
I know not: Thou wouldst have me love thee;
and

I do (as far as I can understand)
With all my Heart: Thou call'st me Cruel; I
Am ignorant of what is Cruelty.
How should I please thee?

Dor. In whom hop'st thou, poor
Dorinda? Whence dost thou expect thy Cure?
From such a Beauty as has felt as yet
No Spark of that which does all Lovers set
On fire? Art thou my Flame, and art not hot?
Dost thou breathe Love, and what it is know'st
not?

That gentle Goddess whom the *Cyprians* honour,
Took a most beauteous humane Shape upon her
To bring thee forth: Firebrands thou hast
and Dart,

Witness my flaming and my bleeding Heart.
Add Wings, another *Cupid* thou wilt prove,
At least want nothing to be Love, but Love.

Sil. What is this Love?

Dor. When I behold thy Eyes,
It is the Light of Paradise:

But

But my own Heart consider'd well,
It is the very Fire of Hell.

Sil. Nymph what a Prating now is here with thee?

Give me my Dog and Doe, and presently.

Dor. Give me the Love first that I bargain'd for.

Sil. Have I not gi'n it thee? Fy, what a stir
There is to please this Woman! Take it: Do
What thou wilt with it. Who forbids thee?
Who

With-holds it? On what Trifles dost thou stand?

Dor. Wretched *Derinda*, thou dost sow the
Sand,

And fondly undertak'st Labour in vain.

Sil. What dream'st thou of? Why hold'st
thou me in pain?

Dor. When thy Desire's once granted thou
wilt go

And leave me strait, perfidious *Silvio*.

Sil. No,

Indeed fair Nymph.

Dor. Give me a Pawn then.

Sil. Name

The Pawn.

Dor. Alas! I dare not.

Sil. Why?

Dor. For shame.

Sil. But how then can I give it thee?

Dor. I would

Fain without naming it be understood.

Sil. If th'art asham'd to name it, thou
mayst be

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Sil.

Asham'd to take it.

Dor. Promise it to me,
And I will name it.

Sil. I do promise it :
But thou must name it first.

Dor. Canst thou not hit
What 'tis I mean ? I should have known from
thee,

If thou hadst said but half so much to me.

Sil. Thou hast more Wit than I, *Dorinda.*

Dor. I

Have more Love *Silvio*, and less Cruelty.

Sil. Truth is, I am no Witch : If thou'd'st
have me

To understand thee, speak.

Dor. O Misery !

That which I beg of thee, is one of those
Things thy kind Mother upon thee bestows.

Sil. A Box o'th' Ear ?

Dor. To one that Loves thee so ?

Sil. Those Things my Mother does on me
bestow.

Dor. Nay, that's not so : But does not she
give thee

A Kiss sometimes ?

Sil. She neither kisses me,
Nor would have others kiss me. Is't a Kiss
Thou dost desire of me ? It is, it is,
Thy Blush betrays thee. Come, I'll give it thee :
But first my Dog and Doe.

Dor. Dost promise me ?

Sil. I promise thee.

Dor.

Dor. And with me wilt thou stay ?

Sil. Why dost thou vex me thus ? Did I not say
I would ?

Dor. Come forth, *Lupino*. Dost not Hear,
Lupino ?

Lup. Ogh ! ogh ! what a Brawling's there ?
Who calls ? O I am come. It was not I
That slept, it was the Dog most certainly.

Dor. Look, *Silvio*, there's thy Dog, that
might to thee

Have read a Lecture of Humanity.

Sil. How over-joy'd am I ?

Dor. Upon this Breast
Which thou despisest so, he came to rest.

Sil. O my sweet true *Melampo*.

Dor. Setting by
My Sighs and Kisses.

Sil. I will certainly
Kiss thee a thousand Times, poor Cur But hast
Thou got no Harm at all, thou ran'st so fast ?

Dor. Fortunate Dog, that I might change
(alas !)

Estates with thee ; I'm come to a fine pass
To envy a Dog's Life. Bend thou thy Gait
Towards the Chace *Lupin* I'll follow Strait.

Lup. Mistress, I go.

S C E N E

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S C E N E III.

Silvio, Dorinda.

Silvio.

I N fine, th'ast got no Harm. Now Nymph, to thee.

Where is this Doe which thou hast promis'd me ?

Dor. Alive or dead would'st have her ?

Sil. Strange Demand !

Alive after the Dog has kill'd her ?

Dor. And.

If the Dog kill'd her not ?

Sil. Alive is she ?

Dor. Alive !

Sil. The dearer then the Prey to me.

And had my dear *Melampo* so much Art
As not to hurt her ?

Dor. Only in the Heart

She had a little Prick.

Sil. Either th'art mad,

Dorinda, or dost mock me. If she had
A Prick i'th' Heart, how can she live ?

Dor. The Doe,

I speak of, I am, cruel *Silvio* !

Hurt by thee, without being hunted : Take me,
I am alive ; but dead, if thou forsake me.

Sil. Is this that Doe ? That Prey ?

Dor.

Dor. Ev'n this : Why now
Art thou so discontented ? Dost not thou
Love a Nymph better than a Beast ?

Sil. My Hate

Thou art, Brute, Lyar, Vile, Importunate.

Dor. Is this the Guerdon, cruel *Silvio* ? So
Is then the Meed thou dost on me bestow,
Ungrateful Youth ? Take thy *Melampo* free,
And me and all, so thou come back to me :
The rest I do remit. Let me be plac'd
But in the Sun-shine thy fair Eyes do cast.
Truer than thy *Melampo* I will trace
Thy Steps, and when th'art weary'd with the
Chace,

I'll wipe thy sweating Brow, and on this Breast
(Which cannot rest for thee) thy Head shall rest:
I'll bear thy Arrows, and thy Quiver bear
Thro' these rough Woods ; and if there want
Game there,

Shoot at *Dorinda's* Bosom. At this White
Set thy good Bow, whene'er it shoots not right
For I'll be both the Prey, if you think fit,
To keep in ure, and Drudge to carry it
Thy Arrows, Quiver, and their Butt to hit. }
But to whom do I talk ? Alas ! to thee
That hear'st me not, and fly'st away from me.
But whereso'er thou fly, curs'd *Silvio*, know
Dorinda will fly after thee ; altho'
To Hell it self, if any Hell there be
Worse than my Love is, and thy Cruelty.

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S C E N E IV.

Corisca.

Fortune beyond my Wish has favour'd me,
 ' And fit it is that they should favour'd be,
 Who not with Wishings only seek her Favour.
 Pow'rful she is ; and Men with Reason have her
 In Reputation of a Goddeſs. But
 We muſt go meet her then, and wait a Foot
 To find her Humours ; and muſt uſe our own
 Judgment in playing of our Game : A Drone
 Seldom or never does prove fortunate.
 Had not my Induſtry made me the Mate
 Of her, by whom, under the Name of Friend,
 I have fit Means and ſafe to work my End,
 Where had I been ? Some Fool would now be
 ſhy,
 And view her Rival with a jealous Eye,
 Bearing the open Tokens of Ill-will
 Writ in her Forehead ; and ſhe would do ill :
 ' For open Foes are eaſier to evade,
 ' Than Ambuſhes that are in Friendſhip laid.
 ' Wiſe Mariners by Rocks hid in the Sea
 ' Are oft deceiv'd : She knows not how to be
 ' An Enemy, that knows not how to ſeem
 ' A Friend. *Coriſca's* Skill ſhall now be ſeen
 In both : Nor am I yet ſo ſimply dull
 To think ſhe does not love. Well may ſhe gull
 Others with this, not me ; who am gone out
 A Miſtreſs in the Art. A tender Sprout

New

New peep'd out of the Bark, within whose Breast
There's built for love already a soft Nest,
Long woo'd, and woo'd by so compleat a

Lover,

And (which is worst) kiss'd too over and over,
And yet hold tight : Believ't for me that list,
But my good *Genius* now does me assist ;
For look if *Amarillis* come not here
As sent : I'll walk as if I did not see her.

SCENE V.

Amarillis, Corisca.

Amarillis.

DEAR happy Groves, and you ye solitary
And silent Horrors where true Peace doest
tarry,

With how much Joy do I review you ? And
Had my Stars pleas'd to give me the Command
Over my self, that I might chuse my Lot,
And my own Way of Life, then would I not
For the *Elisian* Groves, about which range
The happy Shades, your happy Shades exchange
' For what we foolish Mortals *Goods* do call,
' If rightly understood, are *Evils* all.
' He that has most of them, in truth has least,
' Nor is so much Possessor as possess'd ;

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Not Riches, no. But, of our Freedom, Snares.
 What boots it in the Spring-time of our Years
 To have the Attributes of Fair and Good,
 In mortal Veins to lock cœlestial Blood,
 Graces of Body and of Mind, here fair
 And laughing Fields of Corn, rich Meadows
 there,
 In fruitful Pasture-grounds more fruitful Flocks,
 If with all these the Heart Contentment lacks?
 Happy the Shepherdes, whom some coarse Stuff
 Obscurely clothes, yet clean and just enough!
 Rich only in herself, and bravely dress'd
 With Nature's Ornaments, which are the best:
 Who in sweet Poverty no Want does know,
 Nor the Distractions which from Riches grow:
 Yet whatsoever may suffice the Mind,
 In that Estate abundantly does find:
Poor but Content! With Nature's Gifts retrieves
 The Gifts of Nature, Milk with Milk revives,
 And with the Sweet which from the Bee she gets,
 Seasons the Honey of her native Sweets:
 One Fountain is her Looking-Glass, her Drink
 Her Bath; and if she's pleas'd, what others
 think
 It matters not; she heeds not Blazing-Stars
 That threaten mighty Ones: Wars or no Wars.
 It is all one to her; her Battlement
 And Shield is that she's poor: *Poor, but Content!*
 One only Care ('tis a sweet Care) does keep
 Her Heart awake; she feeds her Master's Sheep
 With pearled Grass, and with her lovely Eyes
 Some honest Swain, who for her Beauty dies:

D

Not

Not such as Men or Gods chuse to her Hand,
 But such as Love did to her Choice commend;
 And in some favour'd shady Mirtle Grove
 Desires, and is desir'd: Nor feels of Love
 One Spark which unto him she does not show,
 Nor shows one Spark with which he does not glow,
Poor, but Content! True Life! which 'till the
 Breath

Forfakes the Body, know'st not what is Death,
 Would Heaven had made me such a One! ---

But see

Corisca! sweet *Corisca*.

Cor. Who calls me?

My *Amarillis*? Dearer than my own
 Eyes, or Life to me, whither so alone?

Am. No farther than thou see'st; nor any
 where

Could I be better, since I meet thee here.

Cor. Thou hast met her that never parts from
 thee,

Sweet *Amarillis*; and now, credit me,
 Was thinking of thee, saying in my Heart,
 If I'm her Soul, how can she live apart
 From me? When strait I saw thee here:--But go
 Thou can'st not for *Corisca* now.

Am. Why so?

Cor. Why? Dost thou ask the Question?
 Thou dost wed

To Day.

Am. I wed?

Cor. Yes; and thou keep'st it hid
 From me.

Am.

Am ign

Cor.

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Am.

Carisca?

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Am.

Am. How can I tell thee that which I
Am ignorant myself of?

Cor. Do, deny,
And wear a Mask to me.

Am. Still jest with me,
Corisca?

Cor. I am jested with by thee.

Am. But speak'st thou this for Truth.

Cor. I'll swear 'tis so,
And know'st thou nothing of't indeed?

Am. I know
I'm promis'd : But that I should be a Wife
So soon, is News to me upon my Life.
But from whom know'st it thou?

Cor. From my own Brother
Ormino : And he says, there is no other
Discourse abroad.---Thou seem'st perplex'd :
Is this

News to perplex one ;

Am. O *Corisca* ! 'Tis
A hideous Gulf : I've heard my Mother say,
W'are then New-born.

Cor. Most true : 'Tis our Birth-day
T' a better Life, therefore rejoyce. Dost fetch
A Sigh ? Leave sighing to that Wretch.

Am. What Wretch?

Cor. *Mirtillo* : Who was present casually
At what my Brother told me, and was nigh
Struck dead with Grief ; yes, doubtless he had
dy'd,

If a good Cordial I had not apply'd,

By promising to break this Match. Which
though

I said, only to comfort him, I know
(If Need were) how to do it.

Am. Canst thou tell
How to dissolve this Match ?

Cor. Yes, very well.

Am. I pray thee how ?

Cor. With ease, if thou wert but
Consenting likewise, and assisting to't.

Am. Could I suppose this possible, and thou
Wouldst not reveal it, I would tell thee now
A Secret that has long burnt in my Heart.

Cor. Who, I reveal it ? Let the Earth first
part,

And swallow me alive miraculously.

Am. Know then, *Corisca*, when I think that
Must all my Life be subject to a Boy
That hates and flies me, and does take no Joy
But in the Woods, perfering Hunting far
Before the Love of all the Nymphs that are,
It makes me Male-content, and desperate
Indeed almost, although I dare not say't,
Because my Faith I have already giv'n
Unto my Father, and (what's worse) to Heaven
And break with them I neither will nor may.
But if thy Industry can find a Way
(Always provided, that my Honesty,
My Faith, my Life, and my Religion be
Preserv'd) t' untie this Knot that galls me so,
To thee my Life and Safety I shall owe.

Cor. If
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Mine are,
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Cor. If this were it that caus'd thy sighing, thou
Hadst great Cause for it, *Amarillis*. How
Oft have I said ? What pity 'tis to throw
So rich a Thing to one that scorns it so !
A Pearl t' a Swine ! why speak'st not to thy
Father ?

Am. Shame stops my Mouth.

Cor. There's a Disease ! I'd rather
For my Part have a Fistula, or Fever.
'But 'twill be cur'd ; O'ercome it once, 'twill
never

'Return again.

Am. That cannot be o'ercome
'That's Natural : For if I drive it from
'My Heart, it flies into my Face.

Cor. Alas,
(My *Amarillis*) oft it comes to pass,
'She that through too much Wisdom holds
her Tongue,
'Roars out at length like mad, being through-
ly stung.

Hadst thou before been willing to discover
Thy Mind to me, this Trouble had been over :
And now thou hast, *Corisca's* Power this Day
In all its Colours shall itself display.
Into more skilful Hands, more Faithful than
Mine are, thou never couldst have faln. But
when

From an ill Husband thou art freed by me,
Shall not an honest Suitor welcome be ;

Am. We'll think of that at Leisure.

Cor. That good Youth
Mirtillo, must not be forgot in truth :
 For Parts, for spotless Faith, for Shape thou
 know'st
 Of all Men living he deserves thee most :
 And canst thou let him die ? O Cruelty !
 Nor wilt so much as hear him say, *I die ?*
 Hear him but once.

Am. 'Twere better he would rest
 In Peace, and root a Love out of his Breast
 That's vain.

Cor. That Comfort give him e'er he die.

Am. 'Twould rather double his Perplexity.

Cor. If it do so, the Seeking is his own.

Am. And what must I expect, should it be
 known ?

Cor. How cowardly thou art ?

Am. And let me still

Be Cowardly in any Thing that's ill.

Cor. If thou mayst fail me in this small Re-
 quest,

Then may I fail thee likewise in the rest
 Most justly, *Amarillis*. So Godb'ye.

Am. Nay, stay *Corisca*, hear one Word.

Cor. Not I

Unless thou promise me.

Am. I promise thee

To hear him speak, provided this may be
 For all.

Cor. It shall.

Am. And that he may not know
 I was acquainted with 't.

Cor.

Cor. I'll make as tho'
Ye met by Accident.

Am. And that I may
At my own Pleasure freely go away.

Cor. Thou shalt, when thou hast heard him.

Am. And that he
Shall briefly speak.

Cor. That too is granted thee.

Am. Nor come within my Darts length of me.

Cor. Fie!

What a Stir's here with thy Simplicity!
To make it sure, he shall do thee no wrong,
I'll tie up all his Limbs except his Tongue.
Wouldst thou have more?

Am. 'Tis well.

Cor. And when wilt thou
Do this?

Am. Whene'er thou wilt: Do but allow
Me so much Time, as to go Home to hear
More certain News about this Marriage there.

Cor. Go; but with Caution, and before thou'rt
gone,

Hear a Contrivance I have Thought upon
As thou wert speaking: In the Afternoon
I would have thee without thy Nymphs to come
Into this shady Walk, where I will be
Before for this Occasion, and with me
Nerina, Phillis, Celia, and Aglaura,
Eliza, Daphne, Silvia too, and Laura;
All my no less Discreet and Witty, than
Faithful and secret Mates. There thou with them

Shalt play(as thou art wont)at Blind-Man's-Buff
 So that *Mirtillo* will with ease enough
 Be made believe, that for thy own Pastime
 Thou thither cam'st, and not to meet with him

Am. I like it wondrous well. But dost thou
 hear ?

I would not any of those Nymphs were there
 The while *Mirtillo* speaks.

Cor. I do conceive :

'Twas Thought upon with good Discretion
 Leave

The getting them away to my Endeavour.

Go : And remember one Thing — to love
 ever

Thy faithfullest *Corisca*.

Am. In her Hand

Since I have put my Heart, she may command
 As much Love as she pleases. — — —

Cor. Is she not stiff ? We must assault this
 Rock

With greater Force ; though she resist my Shock,
 Against *Mirtillo*'s she will find no Fence

I'm sure : I know by Self-experience

The Pow'rs of Lovers Pray'rs when they
 invade

The tender Heart of an inclining Maid.

If she do yield, I'll make her smart so for't,

That she shall find her Sport was not in Sport.

Through her dark Words her Heart shall
 be to me

As visible as in a 'natomy.

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 Sat.
 Corisca,

I'll

I'll ranfack all her Veins : That done, and I
 Made Miftrefs of her Secret, eafily
 I'll wind her fo, and lead her by the Nofe
 To what I'd have, that ſhe ſhall ne'er ſuppoſe
 (Much leſs ſhall others) that it was my Skill
 That drew her to't, but her unbridled Will.

S C E N E VI.

Coriſca, Satyr.

Coriſca.

O I'm Dead.

Sat. But I was *quick*.

There's a Trick now for your Trick.

Cor. My *Amarillis*, I am caught.

O come thou back.

Sat. She hears thee not.

'Twill now behove thee to be ſtrong.

Cor. O me, my Hair !

Sat. I have ſo long
 Stood Angling for thee in my Boat,
 At laſt th'art ſtruk. 'Tis not thy Coat,
 'Tis thy Hair (Sifter) this.

Cor. To me
 This Uſage (*Satyr* ?)

Sat. Yes, to thee,
Coriſca, or I am miſtaken:

D

That

That Mistress in the Art of making
 The fine-spun Lyes, that sells so dear
 False Words, false Hopes, and a false Leer ?
 She that so often has betray'd me ;
 She that so many Fools has made me
 At every turn : The Sorceress,
 The Cheat *Corisca*.

Cor. I confess,
 I am *Corisca* ; but not she
 Now, that was once so lov'd by thee,
 My gentle *Sat'r*.

Sat. Pray since when
 Gentle am I ? I was not then
 When me for *Coridon* thou didst change.

Cor. Thee for another ?

Sat. See how strange
 She makes it now ! I warrant then
 This is great News to thee ; and when
 Thou mad'st me *Silvia's* Buskin steal,
 The Bow of *Lilla*, *Cloris* Veil,
 And *Daphne's* Gown, that were to be
 The Price of Love you promis'd me,
 Thou gav'st another : And when that
 Fair Wreath I on thy Head did plat,
 Thou upon *Niso* didst bestow ;
 And when thou mad'st me (cold as Snow)
 Watch many a Night out at the Fountain,
 The Caye, Wood-side, and Foot o'th' Mount-
 ain ;

And for my Pains didst laugh at me,
 Did I then seem *gentle* to thee ?

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Ah Thief! But now as I am here,
I'll make thee pay thy whole Arrear.

Cor. O me! Thou dragg'st me like a Beast.

Sat. I drag thee like thy self then. Wrest
Thy Neck out of the Collar now ;
Give me the Slip if thou know'st how.
Fox, tho' thy Craft the Time before
Did save thee, it shall do't no more.
For this I'm sure thou canst not 'scape,
Unless thou leave thy Head i'th' Trap.

Cor. Yet give me so much Time I pray,
As for my self to answer.

Sat. Say.

Cor. How can I if thou hold me so ?

Sat. 'Tis likely I should let thee go.

Cor. I'll gage my Faith not to go hence.

Sat. What Faith ? Hast thou the Impudence
(Perfidious Woman) to name Faith
To me ? I'll bear thee where there hath
No Sun, much less the Feet of Men
Approach'd, unto the horrid'st Den
Of all this Mountain : There ——— (but I
Will Act the Rest) to my own Joy
And thy Dishonour, I will carve
Such Vengeance as thy Faults deserve.

Cor. Canst thou then (Cruel) to this Hair
which has
Ty'd fast thy Heart unto this Face, which was
Once thy Delight, to this *Corisca* (then
More dear to thee than thine own Life was when

Thou

Thou swar'st by that, that thou couldst find it
sweet

On her Behalf, ev'n Death itself to meet)
Canst thou once think to offer Injury,
I say, to her? O Heav'ns! O Destiny!
Whom have I hop'd in? Whom can I believe
Again?

Sat. Ah *Syren*! think'st thou to deceive
Me still? Still rock me with thy flatt'ring
Charm?

Cor. My sweet my dearest *Satyr*, do no Harm
To her that loves thee. Thou art not a Beast,
Nor hast a marble or a flinty Breast:
Behold me at thy Feet! O Pardon me,
If ever I by chance offended thee,
My Idol. By those sinewy and more
Than human Knees, which clasping I adore;
By that rough manly Visage; by that dear
Affection which thou once to me didst bear;
By the sweet Influence of those Eyes which thou
Wert wont to call two Stars, (two Fountains now)
By these salt Tears which trickle down so fast,
Pity me now and let me go.

Sat. Thou hast
Mov'd me I must confess conquer'd were I
If I should hearken to Love's tender Cry.
But to be short, I do not credit thee;
Thou art too full of Wiles and Tricks for me,
And he that takes thy Word believes his Snares
Beneath this humble Shew, beneath these Pray'rs
Which lurk *Corisca*: Thou canst never be
Another's. Struggling still?

Cor.

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Cor.

Cor. My Head, O me !

Ah Cruel ! stay a little longer yet,
And grant me but one Favour.

Sat. What is that ?

Cor. Hear me a little more.

Sat. Thou hopest now
With Flatt'ries and squeez'd Tears to make me
bow.

Cor. Ah courteous *Satyr* ! wilt thou carve
in me

Such cruel Vengeance ?

Sat. Come, and thou shalt see.

Cor. And take no Pity on me ?

Sat. None at all.

Cor. But art thou firm in this ?

Sat. As a Brass Wall.

Is this Charm ended ?

Cor. O thou base, and not

To be exampled Rogue ; half Man, half Goat,
And all a Beast ; thou Carrion that dost stink,
By-blow and blush of Nature ; If thou think
Corisca loves thee not, thou think'st the Truth.
What should she love in such a comely Youth ?
That fair Stag's-head ? That Chimney-sweep-
er's Broom ?

Goats-ears ? That Grave of Rottenness and
Rheum

Which once had Bones in't ?

Sat. This to me,

Thou wicked Varlet ?

Cor. Yes, to thee.

Sat. To me, thou Scold ?

Cor. To thee, thou Goat.

Sat.

Sat. And with these Pincers pull I not
Thy barking Tongue out ?

Cor. Would thou durst
Come near't, there's that will scour their Rust,

Sat. A paltry Woman, and in such
Condition (being in my Clutch)

To injure me ! and dare me too !

I will—————

Cor. Base Slave, what wilt thou do ?

Sat. Eat thee alive I will,

Cor. Where be
Thy Teeth to do't ?

Sat. Heav'n, dost thou see
And suffer this ! But if I do not

Chastise thee————— Come along.

Cor. I wo't not.

Sat. Wo't not, my Mistress Malapert ?

Cor. Wo't not in spite of thy foul Heart.

Sat. That shall be seen ; Come, or I swear,
This Arm I'll from thy Shoulder tear.

Cor. Tear my Head off, I wo't not go
One Foot.

Sat. Art thou resolved so ?
Let's ne'er dispute then any longer,
But put to trial whether's stronger,
And faster on, thy Neck-piece, or
My Arm.——Thy Hands to help too ? Nor
Are these (Perverse one) enough Guard.

Cor. That shall be try'd.

Sat. It shall.

Cor. Pull hard-----

Satyr, Adieu, get thy Neck set.

Sat. O
How I a
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Was here
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That she
me ?
O marvel
Flock hit
That runs
In Magic
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Sat. O me!

How I am shatter'd! O my Head! my Knee
O my Back-bone! my Thigh! what a vile Fall
Was here! to get upon my Legs is all
I have the Power to do. But can it be
That she should fly, and leave her Head with
me?

O marvellous! ye Nymphs and Shepherds run,
Flock hither to behold a Wonder; one
That runs away without her Head, by Skill
In Magick. Hah! how light it is! how ill
Peopled with Brains! How comes it that I see
None of the Blood spirt forth? But stay; let me
Peruse it better. O thou Stock! thou Stone!
Thou hast no Head, if thou think she has none.
Was ever any Man so fool'd? See now
If she had not a Trick to 'scape, when thou
Thought'st her more sure! Thou all made up
of Wiles,

Was't not enough thy Heart, thy Face, thy
Smiles,

Thy Looks and Speeches falsified were,

But thou must likewise falsify thy Hair?

The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold,

Which you (mad Poets) so extol, behold!

Blush, blush now at your Error, and recant

Your Thread-bare Theme; instead whereof,
go paint

The Arts of a deform'd and impious Witch

Breaking up Sepulchers by Night, from which

She steals the Hair that upon Death's Head grows

To imp her own, which she so neatly does,

That

That she has made you praise what you should
more

Than dire *Megara's* snaky Locks abhor.
These (*Lovers*) are your Chains (I take it) too!
Look on 'em Idiots then : And if (as you
Protest) your Hearts are fastned to these Hairs,
Now every one may without Sighs or Tears
Come by his own. But why do I forbear
To publish her Disgrace ? Surely that Hair,
Which stuck with Stars adorns the azure Sky,
Never so famous was as this ; and she
Much more that wore it by my Tongue shall
be
Made infamous to all Posterity.

C H O R U S.

AH! 'Twas a grievous Fault in her, (the
Cause
Of all our Sorrows) who, the Sacred Laws
Of Love offending, by her Breach of Troth
Kindled against this Land the mortal Wrath
Of the immortal Gods, which not a Flood
Of general Tears, nor so much guiltless Blood
' Can quench yet or abate ; so high a Price
' Unspotted Faith, (Expeller of all Vice,

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' And most undoubted Argument to prove
 ' A Mind descended nobly) bears above.
 ' And such a Care to plant Love in his Creature,
 ' By which we deify our human Nature)
 ' Has the eternal Lover. O those blind
 Mistaken Mortals, who addict their Mind
 To wealth, (for which Affection's basely sold)
 Watching the Carcase of the coffin'd Gold,
 Like a pale Ghost that walks about his Grave!
 Or why should Beauty our free Hearts enslave?
 ' These are dead Loves; the Living and Divine,
 ' Is where two Souls by Vertue do combine.
 ' No outward Object can with Reason move
 ' The Heart to love it, 'cause it cannot love:
 ' Only the Soul, 'cause that can love again,
 ' Deserves a Love, deserves a Lover's Pain.

Well may that Kiss be sweet that's giv'n 't a sleek,
 And fragrant Rose of a Vermilion Cheek;
 And understanding Tasters (as are true
 And happy Lovers) will commend that too.
 'Tis a dead Kiss, say I, and must be poor,
 Which the Place kiss has no Means to restore.

But the sweet Ecch'ing, and the Dove like Billing,
 Of two enceuntring Mouths, when both are willing;
 And when at once both Loves advance their Bows,
 Their Shafts drawn home, at once sound at the Loose,
 (How sweet is such Revenge!) This is true Kissing,
 Where there is one for t' other without missing
 A Minute of the Time, or taking more
 Than that which in the taking they restore.
 Whereby an interchange of am'rous Bliss is,
 At the same Time they sow and gather Kisses.

Kiss

*Kiss a red swelling Lip, then kiss a Wrist,
 A Breast, a Forehead, or what else thou list,
 No Part of a fair Nymph so just will be,
 Except the Lip, to pay this Kiss to thee.
 Thither your Souls come sallying forth, and they
 Kiss too, and by the wand'ring Pow'rs convey
 Life into smacking Rubies, and transfuse
 Into the Lover's sprightly Kiss their Use
 Of Reason; so that you discourse together
 In Kisses, which with little Noise deliver
 Much Matter; and sweet Secrets, which he spells,
 Who is a Lover; Gibbrish to all else.*

*Like Life, like mutual Joy they feel where Love
 With equal Flames as with two Wings does move.*

' And as where Lips is the best Kiss:

' So where one's lov'd, to love, best Loving is.



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A C T III. S C E N E I.

Mirtillo.

Pring, the Year's Youth, fair Mother
of new Flowers,
New Leaves, new Loves, drawn by
the winged Hours,

Thou art return'd ; but the Felicity
Thou brought'st me last is not return'd with thee,
Thou art return'd, but nought returns with
thee,

Save my lost Joys regretful Memory.
Thou art the Self-same Thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund : But I am no more
The Thing I was, so gracious in her Sight,
Who is Heav'ns Master-piece, and Earth's
Delight,

' O bitter Sweets of Love ! Far worse it is
' To loose, then never to have tasted Bliss.
' But O how sweet were Love, if it could not
' Be lost, or being lost could be forgot !
Though if my Hopes (as mine are wont to be)
Are not of Glafs, or my Love make me see
Them through a multiplying Glafs ; If I
Be not deceiv'd both by my self, and by

Another :

Another: Here I shall that Sun behold
 Which I adore, impart her Beams of Gold
 To my blest Sight behold her flying Feet
 Stop at my mournful Notes: Here on the sweet
 Food of that lovely Face I shall suffice,
 After a tedious Fast, my greedy Eyes.
 Here, here behold that proud one on me turn
 Her sparkling Lamps, if not to light, to burn.
 And if not fraught with amorous Delight,
 So kindly cruel as to kill outright.
 Yet were't but just, that after so much Pain
 As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,
 Thou Love at length shouldst make the Sun
 appear

To this benighted Earth serene and clear.
 Hither *Ergasto* did direct me, where
Corisca and my *Amarillis* were
 To play at Blind-man's-buff: But I can find
 In this Place nothing but my Love that's blind,
 And so deceiv'd, misled by a false Guide
 To seek that Light which is to me deny'd.
 Pray Heav'n my hard and envious Fates beneath
 This gilded Pill now have not hid my Death.
 This tedious Stay afflicts me: ' For to those
 ' That go to meet their Loves, each Moment
 shows
 ' An Age. Perchance I have arriv'd too late,
 And made for me too long *Corisca* wait:
 Yet I made Haste. Now woe is me! If I
 Have done this Fault, I'll lay me down and die.

S C E N E

*Amarillis***B**ehold*Am.* C*Mirt.*

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S C E N E II.

*Amarillis, Mirtillo, Chorus of Nymphs,
Corisca.*

Amarillis.

BEhold the Buff!
Mirt. O Sight!

Am. Come on.

Mirt. O Voice!

That makes my Heart both tremble and re-
joyce.

Am. What do you do? *Lisetta*, where art thou,
That wert so eager of this Sport but now?
And thou, *Corisca*, whither gone?

Mir. I find

Now it is true indeed, that Love is blind.

Am. You there that are appointed for my
Guides,

To hand and to support me on both Sides,
Before the Rest of our Companions come,
Out of these Trees conduct me to Field-room:
Then leaving me alone amidst the Plain,
With other, our Companions mix again:
So joyning all together, make a Ring
About me round, and let the Sport begin.

Mir. But what shall I do? Yet I cannot see
Of what Advantage this should be to me

In

In my Desires ; nor see I my North Star,
Corisca : Succour me blest Heav'n !

Am. O are

Ye come at last ? Ye Wantons, did you mean
 Only to blind my Eyes ? Come on begin.

Cho. O Love, thou art not blind, I see,
 ' But only art appear to be.
 ' To blind us : If thy Sight's but small,
 ' Thou hast, I'm sure no Faith at all.
 Blind or not, thou try'st in vain
 Me into thy Net to train.
 And to keep out of thy Pound,
 Off I get, and traverse Ground.
 Blind as thou art, thou could see more
 Than Argos's hundred Eyes of yore.
 Thou couldst see (blind as thou art)
 Well enough to hit my Heart.
 But I were a Fool indeed,
 Should I trust to thee now I'm freed.
 Sport with thee henceforth that will ;
 'Tis a Sport with thee to kill.

Am. But at too great a Distance still you play :
 You should strike first, and after get away.
 Approach me, touch me, so as not to fly
 Too far.

Mir. O ye high Gods ! in Heav'n am I ?
 Or Earth ? O Heav'ns ! do your eternal Rounds
 Move in such Order, warble such sweet Sounds.

Cho.

Cho. *Well blind Archer, since thou still
Urgeſt me to play, I will.*

Now I clap thy Shoulder hard :

Now I fly unto my Guard :

Strike, and run, and ſtrike again,

But thou wheel'ſt about in vain.

Now I pinch thee, now remove :

And have at thee now blind Love.

Yet thou canſt not light on me :

Why ? Because my Heart is free.

Am. *Indeed Licoris, I had ſurely thought
T've caught thee there, and 'twas a Tree I
caught.*

What doſt thou laugh ?

Mir. *Would I had been that Tree.*

But do I not Coriſca hidden ſee

*Amongſt thoſe Brakes ? And ſhe makes Signs
as who*

Should ſay, that ſomething ſhe would have me do.

Cho. *'A free Heart makes a nimble Heel.*

Ab Traytor ! doſt thou tempt me ſtill

With thy flatt'ring falſe Delight ?

Thus then I renew the Fight.

Sluſh, and fly, and turn, and ſhove ;

And about again blind Love :

Yet thou canſt not light on me :

Why ? Because my Heart is free.

Am.

Am. Would thou wert pull'd up by the Root,
base Tree :

That I should ever thus be catching thee !
Deluded by the Dancing of a Bough.
I did suppose I'd had *Eliza* now.

Mir. *Corisca* still is making Signs to me,
And looks as she were angry ; may be she
Would have me mingle with them.

Am. Must I play
With nothing but with Branches all this Day ?

Cor. I must come forth and speak, or he'll
not stir — — —

Be bold (faint Lover) and lay hold on her.
Why dost thou gape ? To have her run into
Thy Mouth ? At least, if that thou dar'st not do,
Let her lay hold of thee. Come, give me here
This Spear and go to meet her Fool.

Mir. How near
To impotence is strong Desire ! O Love !
That thou shouldst make a Man a Coward prove !

Am. Play but once more, for now I weary
grow.

Sure y^e are too blame to make me hurry so.

Chor. That Triumphant God survey,
To whom am'rous Mortals pay
Impious Tribute ! See him snaffeld !
See him laugh'd at ! See him baffeld !
As a hooded Hawk or Owl
With light blinded, when the Fowl
With their Armies flock about her,
Some to beat, and some to flout her ;

She

*She in vain does rouse and peck
 This and that Way with her Beak :
 So we baffle and deride
 Thee (blind Love) on ev'ry Side.
 One does pinch thy Elbow black ;
 T'other has thee by the Back ;
 And thy baiting does no good,
 Nor thy pecking through thy Hood ;
 Nor thy stretching out thy Claws,
 ' But sweet Meats have sower Sauce.
 ' Birds are caught by playing thus :
 ' So do Nymphs grow amorous.*

S C E N E III.

Amarillis, Corisca, Mirtillo.

Amarillis.

INdeed *Aglaure*, art thou caught at last ?
 Thou'dst fain be gone, but I will hold thee
 fast.

Cor. Surely, unless at unawares by main
 Strength I had thrust him on her, all in vain
 I'd tyr'd myself to make him thither go.

Am. Thou wilt not speak, ah ! art thou she
 or no ?

E

Cor.

Cor. I'll lay his Spear here by him, and will to
My Bush return, t' observe what will ensue.

Am. Thou art *Corisca*, now it is most clear ;
I know thee by thy Tallness and short Hair.
'Twas thee I wish'd to catch ; that I might use
thee.

Just as I list, and thus, and thus abuse thee ;
And thus, and thus. Not yet? But since 'twas
thou

That boundst me, do thou too unbind me now :
Quickly, (my Heart) and thou shalt have of me
The sweetest Kiss that e'er was giv'n to thee ;
What dost thou stick at? Thy Hand trembles:
What,

Art thou so weary? If thy Nails will not,
Let thy Teeth do't : Come, Fumbler, let me see;
I can my self unbind, nor trouble thee.
Fie, how with Knots on Knots it is perpl x'd!
The best on't is, thou must be blinded ne t.
So, now 'tis loos'd : Hah ! Heay'ns! Whom
see I here?

Traytor, let go. I shall expire.

Mir. My Dear!

Ah! do not strive to go away.

Am. Unhand

(Forcer of Nymphs) unhand me, I command.
Ay me! *Aglaura* and *Eliza* tarry,
Betrayers of my Innocence, where are ye?
Unhand me, Villain.

Mir. I obey.

Am. This Plot

Corisca laid : Now tell her what th'ast got.

Mir.

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Mir. O whither fly'st thou Cruel? 'Ere thou go,
Banquet thy Eyes with my Decease: For lo,
I pierce my Bosom with this Steel.

Am. Ay me!

What wilt thou do?

Mir. That, which it troubles thee
Perchance (thou Barb'rous) any should be said
T' have done, but you.

Am. Alas! I'm almost dead.

Mir. And if this Action to thy Hand be due,
Behold the Weapon and the Breast!

Am. 'Tis true,
Thou hast deserv'd it of me. What could move
Thy Heart to such a high Presumption?

Mir. Love.

Am. ' Love never causes Rudeness.

Mir. Then conclude,

I was in Love, because I was not rude:
For if within thy Arms thou caught'st me
first,

I cannot well with Rudeness be aspers'd,
Since with so fair an Opportunity
To be audacious, and to use with thee
The Laws of Love, I had such Pow'r over
My self, I ev'n forgot I was a Lover.

Am. Upbraid me not with what I blind did do.

Mir. And I in Love was blinder of the two.

Am. Pray'r and sweet Language discreet
Lovers use

To win their Loves, not Thefts and Cheats
t' abuse.

Mir. As a wild Beast enrag'd with Want of Food,

Rushes on Travellers out of the Wood :
 So I, that only live on thy fair Eyes,
 Since that lov'd Food thy Cruelty denies ;
 Or else my Fate, if like a rav'nous Lover,
 Rushing to Day upon thee from his Cover,
 Where I had long been famish'd, I did prove
 One Stratagem to save my Life, (which Love
 Prompted me to) then blame not, cruel Maid,
 Me, but thy self ; for if (as thou hast said)
 Pray'r and sweet Language only should be us'd
 By discreet Lovers, which thou hast refus'd
 To hear from me ; thou by thy Cruelty,
 Thou by thy Flight mad'st me I could not be
 A discreet Lover.

Am. If th'adst giv'n her over
 That fled from thee, th'adst been a discreet
 Lover.

But know, thou persecutest me in vain ;
 What wouldst thou have of me ?

Mir. I'd have thee deign
 Once 'ere I die to hear me.

Am. See ! As soon
 As thou has ask'd, thou hast receiv'd the Boon.
 Now then be gone.

Mir. Ah Nymph ! I've scarcely yet
 Pour'd one small Drop out to thee of the great
 Sea of my Tears. If not for Pity's sake,
 Yet for the Pleasure thou therein wilt take,
 Listen t' a dying Man's last Accent.

Am. Y
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Am.

Am. Well,

To shun more Trouble, and thy Hopes to quell,
To hear thee I'm content. But this before :
Say little, quickly, part, and come no more.

Mir. Thou dost command me, cruel'st
Nymph, to bind

In Volume much too small, that unconfin'd
Desire, which scarcely human Thought (tho' it
Be as the Soul that holds it, infinit)
Has Line to fathom.

That I do love thee more than I do love
My Life, (if thou doubt'st, Cruel) ask this Grove,
And that will tell thee ; and with it each Beast,
Each stupid Stock here can the same attest ;
Each Stone of these high Mountains, which so oft
I with the Voice of my Complaints made soft.
But what need I call any Witness else
To prove my Love, where so much Beauty
dwells ?

Behold these Flow'rs which make low Earth so
proud !

Those Stars which nail Heav'n's Pavement !
All these croud

Into one Ring : A Beauty like that same
Is the high Cause and Forcer of my Flame.
For as by Nature Water does descend,
The Fire to the superiour Regions tend ;
The Air obliquely spread it self ; the Ground
Lie still, and about these the Heav'ns turn
round :

So I by Nature do encline to you,
As to my chiefest Good ; so is it true

To those lov'd Charms as Needles to the Pole,
 With all her wing'd Affections flies my Soul.
 And he that should imagine he had Force,
 Her from her dearest Object to divorce,
 Might with as much Facility command
 The Air, the Fire, the Water and the Land,
 The Heav'ns from their accustom'd Circuit make
 To err, and the World's Globe to Atoms break,
 But since thou bidst me say but little, I
 Shall say but little, saying that I *die*.
 And shall do less in dying, since I see
 How much my Death is so desir'd by thee.
 Yet I shall do, alas, all what is left
 For me to do, of Hopes in love bereft.
 But (cruel Nymph) when I am in my Grave
 Some Pity then upon my Sufferings have.
 Ah! fair and lov'd, and who wer't once the sweet
 Cause of my Life (whilst Heav'n did think it
 meet)
 Turn those bright Lamps upon me, as benigne
 And full of Pity as they us'd to shine
 Once 'ere I die, that I may die in Peace.
 Let those fair amiable Eyes release
 My Life, now bitter, which once made it sweet;
 And those bright Stars, which my Love's
 Torches li't,
 Light too my Funeral Tapers, and fore-run,
 As once my rising, now my setting Sun.
 But thou more hard than 'ere thou wert before,
 Feel'st yet no Spark of Pity, but art more
 Deaf to my Pray'rs. Must I then talk alone?
 Wretch that I am, discourse I to a Stone!

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Say *die*, at least, if nothing else thou'lt say,
 And thou shalt see me die. O Love what
 Way

Canst thou not plague me? When this Nymph
 that's nurs'd

In Cruelty, and for my Blood did thirst,
 Finding my Death would now a Favour be,
 Ev'n that sad Favour does deny to me.
 Nor will reply a Syllable, or deign
 One stabbing Word to put me out of Pain.

Am. To answer thee if I had Promise made,
 As well as hear thee, this were justly said.
 Thou call'st me Cruel, hoping, that to shun
 That Vice, into the contrary I'd run.
 But know, I'm not so pleas'd, to tell thee true,
 With that (to me which is by no Means due
 And less desired); Praise thou giv'st to me
 Of Beauty, as to hear my self by thee
 'Stil'd Cruel; which to be to any other,
 'I grant were Vice; 'tis Virtue to a Lover:
 'And what thou Harshness call'st and Cruelty,
 'Is in a Woman perfect Honesty.

But say, that ev'n t' a Lover 'twere a Sin;
 Yet tell me, when has *Amarillis* been
 Cruel to thee? Was't then when Justice bad
 To use no Pity? Yet on thee I had
 So much, that I from Death deliver'd thee.
 I mean, when 'mongst a noble Company
 Of modest Virgins mingled, thou did'st cover
 With a Maid's Habit a lascivious Lover:
 And, our chaste Sports polluting, didst intrude
 'Mongst Kisses feign'd and innocent, thy lewd

And wanton Kiffes, (such an Act, as yet
I blush as oft as I but think on it.)

But at that Time I knew thee not, (Heav'n
knows)

And when I did, my Indignation rose.
Thy Wantonness I from my Mind did keep,
And suffer'd not the am'rous Plague to creep
To my chaste Heart : On my Lips outer Skin
The Poyson stuck, for none of it got in.

I tell thee Swain, ' A Mouth that's kiss'd
' perforce,
' If it cast out the Kiss, is ne'er the worse.
But what wouldst thou by that bold Theft have
got,

If I had to those Nymphs discover'd what
Thou wert ? The *Thracian* Women never tore
And murder'd *Orpheus* so on *Hebrus'* Shore,
As they had thee, unless her Clemency,
Whom thou call'st Cruel, now had rescu'd thee.
But she is not so Cruel as she ought
To be : For if when she is Cruel thought
Thy Boldness is so great, what would it be
If, full of Pity, she were judg'd by thee ?
That honest Pity which I could, I gave ;
Other it is in vain for thee to crave,
Or hope : ' For am'rous Pity she can ill
' Bestow, who gave it all to one that will
' Give her none back. If thou my Lover be,
Love my good Name, my Life, my Honesty.
Thou seek'st Impossible : I am a Ward
To Heav'n, Earth watches me, and my Re-
ward,

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If I transgress, 'tis Death : But most of all,
Virtue defends me with a brazen Wall.

' For she that is protected by her Honour,
' Scorns there should be a safer Guard upon her.

Look to thy Safety then, and do not give
Battel to me, *Mirtillo* : Fly, and live,

If thou be wise. ' For out of Sense of Smart

' T' abandon Life, argues a tim'rous Heart.

' And 'tis the Part of Virtue to abstain

' From what we love, if it will prove our Bane.

Mir. ' He that no longer can resist, must
' yield.

Am. ' Where Virtue is, all Passions quit the
' Field.

Mir. ' Love triumphs over Virtue.

Am. ' Let that Man

' That cannot what he will, will what he can.

Mir. ' Necessity of loving has no Law.

Am. ' Love's Wounds will heal, which Salves
' of Absence draw.

Mir. ' We fly in vain what we about us have.

Am. ' Love drives out Love like Waves a
' former Wave.

Mir. ' Strange Levity in me thou dost pre-
' fume.

Am. ' If all Ways fail, Time will thy Love
' consume.

Mir. But first my Love will have consumed me.

Am. Is there no Cure then for thy Malady ?

Mir. No Cure at all but that which Death
affords.

Am. Death ! Let me speak then ; and be
sure these Words E 5 Be

Be as a Charm to thee : Altho' I know
 ' When Lovers talk of dying, it does show
 ' An am'rous Custom rather of the Tongue,
 ' Than a Resolve of Mind continuing long
 ' To do't indeed : Yet if thou 'ere shouldst take
 So strange a Frenzy ; know when thou dost make
 Away thy self, thou murder'st my Fame too :
 Live then (if thou dost love me) and adieu :
 I shall esteem thee henceforth most discreet,
 If thou take care we Two may never meet.

Mir. Sad Doom ! Without my Life how can
 I live ?

Or without Death end to my Torments give ?

Am. Mirtillo, 'tis high Time thou went'st away,
 Thou hast already made too long a stay :
 Be gone ; and take this cordial Draught along,
 ' Of hopelefs Lovers there's a num'rous Throng
 ' There is no Wound but carries with it Pain,
 And there are Others may of Love complain.

Mir. I know I'm not the only Man has lost
 His Love ; but only wretched I am tost
 'Twixt Life and Death ; Of whom it may be
 said,

That I am neither living, nor yet dead.

Am. Be gone, be gone.

Mir. O woeful Parting ! O
 End of my Days ! From thee how can I go,
 And yet not die ? The Pangs of Death I'm sure
 I feel, and all that parting Souls endure.
 For mine, 'tis past into my Grief : Hence I
 Have ceas'd to live, those live immortally.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Amarillis.

M*irtillo*, O *Mirtillo* ! couldst thou see
That Heart which thou condemn'st of
Cruelty,

(Soul of my Soul) thou to it sure wouldst show
That Pity which thou beg'st from me I know.
O ill starr'd Lovers ! what avails it me
To have thy Love ? T'have mine, what 'vails
it thee ?

Whom Love has join'd, why dost thou separate,
Malicious Fate ! and two divorc'd by Fate,
Why join'st thou Love perverse ! How blest
are you,

Wild Beasts, that are in loving ty'd unto
No Laws but those of Love ! whilst human
Laws,

Inhumanly condemn us for that Cause.

' O why, if this be such a natural

' And powerful Passion, was it capital !

' Nature too frail, which dost with Law
contend !

' Law too severe, which Nature dost offend !

' But what ? They love but little who Death fear.

Ah, my *Mirtillo* ! would to Heav'n that were

' The only Penalty. Virtue which art

' The binding'st Law to an ingenuous Heart,

This

This Inclination which in me I feel,
 Lanc'd with the sharp Point of thy holy Steel,
 To thee I sacrifice ; and pardon (dear
Mirtillo) her, that's only cruel, where
 She must not pity. Pardon thy fierce Foe
 In Looks and Words : But in her Heart not so.
 Or if addicted to revenge thou be,
 What greater Vengeance can'st thou take on me,
 Than thy own Grief? For if thou be my
 Heart,

(As in despite of Heav'n and Earth thou art)
 Thy Sighs my vital Spirits are, the Flood
 Of Tears which follows, is my vital Blood,
 And all these Pangs, and all these Groans of
 thine,
 Are not thy Pangs, are not thy Groans, but
 mine.

SCENE V.

Corisca Amarillis.

Corisca.

Sister, no more dissembling.
Am. Woe is me !
 I am discover'd.

Cor. I heard all : Now see,

Was

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Was I a Witch ? I did believe (my Heart)
 Thou wert in Love ; now I am sure thou art.
 And would'st thou keep't from me ? Thy Closet ?

Tush,

This is a common Evil, never blush.

Am. Corisca, I am conquer'd, (I confess 't.)

Cor. No, now I know't, deny it thou wert
 best.

Am. ' Alas ! I knew a Woman's Heart
 would prove

' Too small a Vessel for o'er-flowing Love.

Cor. Cruel to thy *Mirtillo* ! but unto
 Thy self much more !

Am. 'Tis Cruelty that grew

' From Pity.

Cor. ' Poison ne'er was known to grow

' From wholesome Root : What Diff'rence canst
 thou show

'Twixt such a Cruelty as does offend,
 And such a Pity as no Help will lend ?

Am. Ay me, *Corisca* !

Cor. 'Tis a Vanity

(Sister) to sigh ; an Imbecility

Of Mind, and tastes too much of Woman.

Am. Wer't

Not crueller to nourish in his Heart

A hopeless Love ? To fly him is a Sign

I have Compassion of his Case and mine.

Cor. But why a hopeless Love ?

Am. Dost thou not know

That I contracted am to *Silvio* ?

Dost

Dost thou not know the Pain our Statutes speak,
That Female dies that dares her Faith to break?

Cor. O Fool! And is this all stands in thy
 Way?

Whether is antienter with us (I pray)

‘ The Law of *Phebe*, or of Love? This last
 ‘ Is born with us, and it grows up as fast
 ‘ As we do, *Amarillis*; ’tis not writ;
 ‘ Nor taught by Masters, Nature printed it
 ‘ In human Hearts with her own pow’rful Hand:
 ‘ Both Gods and Men are under Love’s Com-
 mand.

Am. But if that Law my Life away should
 take,

Can this of Love a Restitution make?

Cor. Thou art too nice; if Women all were
 such,

And on these Scruples should insist so much,
 Good Days adieu. I hold them simple Souls
 Who live obnoxious to such poor Controuls.
 ‘ Laws are not for the Wife: If to be kind
 Should merit Death, *Love* help the cruel Mind!
 But if Fools fall into those Snares, ’tis fit
 They be forbid to steal, who have not Wit
 ‘ To hide their Theft: For Honesty is but
 ‘ An Art, an honest Gloss on Vice to put.
 Think others as they list, thus I conceive.

Am. These rotten Grounds, *Corisca*, will de-
 ceive.

‘ What I can’t hold, ’tis Wisdom soon to quit.

Cor. ‘ And who forbids thee Fool? Our Life
 does fly

‘ Too fast away to lose one Inch of Joy; ‘ And

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‘ And Men so squeamish and so curious grown,
 ‘ That two of our new Lovers make not one
 ‘ O’th’ old. We are no longer for their Tooth,
 ‘ (Believ’t) than while we’re new. Bate us our
 ‘ Youth,

‘ Bate us our Beauty, and like hollow Trees
 ‘ Which had been stuff’d with Honey by the
 ‘ Bees,

‘ If that by licorish Hands away be ta’en,
 ‘ Dry and detested Trunks we shall remain.
 Therefore let them have Leave to babble what
 They please, as those who know nor reckon not
 What the poor wretched *Amarillis* bears ;

Our Case, alas ! is differing much from theirs.

‘ Men in Perfection as in Age increase ;

Wisdom, supplies the Loss of ev’ry Grace :

‘ But when our Youth and Beauty (which alone

‘ Conquers the Strength and Wit of Men) are
 ‘ gone,

‘ All’s gone with us ; nor can’st thou possibly

‘ Say a worse Thing, or to be pardon’d thee

‘ More hardly, than *Old Woman*. Then before
 Thou split on that inevitable Shore,

Know thine own Worth, and do not be so mad,
 As when thou may’st live merrily, live sad.

What would the Lyon’s Strength boot him, or
 Wit

Avail a Man, unless he used it ?

Gur Beauty is to us that which to Men

Wit is, or Strength is to the Lyon. Then

‘ *Let*

' *Let us use it whilst we may ;*
 ' *Snatch those Joys that haste away.*
 ' *Earth her Winter Coat may cast,*
 ' *And renew her Beauty past ;*
 ' *But, our Winter come, in vain*
 ' *We solicit Spring again :*
 ' *And when our Furrows Snow shall cover,*
 ' *Love may return, but never Lover.*

Am. Thou say'st all this only to try me sure,
 Not that thy Thoughts are such. But rest secure,
 Unless the Way that thou to me shalt show
 Be a plain Way, and warrantable too,
 To break this Match : A thousand Deaths to
 die,

Than stain my Honour, full resolv'd am I.

Cor. More willful Creature I did never know.
 But since thou art so resolute, be't so.
 Tell me, good *Amarillis*, tell me true,
 Think'st thou that *Silvio*, thus engag'd to you,
 High rates his Faith as thou thy Honesty ?

Am. Thou mak'st me laugh at this : Where-
 in should he
 Express a Faith, who is to Love a Foe ?

Cor. Love's Foe ! O Fool ! *Silvio* thou dost
 not know.
 He's the still Swine.--- O Sister, those coy Souls
 Believe them not : The deep Stream silent rowls.
 ' No Theft in Love, so subtil, so secure,
 ' As to hide Sin by seeming to be pure.

In

In short, thy *Silvio* loves ; but 'tis not thee
Whom *Silvio* loves.

Am. What Goddeſs may ſhe be ?
For certainly ſhe is no mortal Dame,
That could the Heart of *Silvio* thus inflame.

Cor. Nor Goddeſs, nor yet Nymph.

Am. What haſt thou ſaid ?

Cor. Doſt thou know my *Liſetta* ?

Am. Who ? The Maid
That tends thy Flocks ?

Cor. The ſame.

Am. It cannot be
She, I am ſure, *Coriſca*.

Cor. Yes, 'tis ſhe.

I can aſſure thee ſhe is all his Joy.

Am. A proper Choice for one that was ſo coy.

Cor. But wilt thou know how he does pine
away,

And languish for this Jewel ? Every Day
He feigns to go a Hunting.

Am. Every Morn,
Soon as it dawns, I hear his curſed Horn.

Cor. And juſt at Noon, when others are in
Heat

Of all the Sport, he does by Stealth retreat
From his Companions, and comes all alone
Into my Garden by a Way unknown ?

Where underneath a Haw-thorn Hedge's Shade,
(Which is the Garden's only Fence) the Maid
Hears his warm Sighs and am'rous Pray'rs,
which ſhe

Comes laughing afterwards, and tells to me.

Nor

Now hear what I to serve thee've thought upon;
Or rather, what I have already done.

I think thou know'st, That *the same Laws which*
bind

By mortal Penalty us Women-kind
To keep our Faith, do also full enact
That if the Woman catch him in the Faët
Of Falshood; spight of Friends she may deny
To have him, and without disloyalty
Marry another.

Am. This I know full well ;
And some Examples too of this could tell
Of my own Knowledge ; *Egle* having found
Licotas false, remain'd her self unbound.

Armilla did from false *Turingo* so,
And *Pbillada* from *Ligurino* go.

Cor. Now list' to me : My Maid (by me set on)
Has bid her cred'lous Lover meet anon
In yonder Cave with her ; whence he remains
The most contented of all living Swains,
And waits but th' Hour : There thou shalt catch
him, where

I too will Witness be of all to bear :
(For without this our Plot would be in vain.)
So without any Hazard, any Stain
To thine, or to thy Father's Honour, thou
Shalt free thy self from this distastful Vow.

Am. I like it rarely ; but the Way, the Way.
My Friend

Cor. I'll tell thee, Child, (observe me pray)
I' the' Middle of the Cave, (which narrow is,
And very long) upon the right Hand lies

Another

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Am.

I wink,

Another lesser Grot (I know not whether
 By Nature or by Art, or both together
 Made) in a hollow Stone, whose slimy Wall
 Is hid with clinging Ivy, and a small
 Hole in the Roof lets Light in from above,
 (Proper Recesses for the Thefts of Love,
 Yet chearful too enough) there thou shalt hide
 Thy self, and hidden in that Place abide
 'Till the two Lovers come ; I mean to send
Lisetta first, and after her, her Friend,
 Foll'wing his Steps my self aloof : And when
 I shall perceive him stept into the Den,
 Rush after him will I. But lest he should
 Escape from me : When I have laid fast hold
 Upon him, I will use *Lisetta's* Aid,
 And joining both (for so the Plot is laid
 Between us two) together we will make
 A Cry, at which thou too shalt come, and take
 The Penalty o'th' Law 'gainst *Silvio*.
 Then my *Lisetta* and we too will go
 Before the Priest ; and so thou shalt untie
 The Nuptial Knot.

Am. Before his Father ?

Cor. Why ?

What Matters that ? Think'st thou *Montano's*
 Blood

Will stand in Balance with his Country's Good?
 Or that his sacred Function he'll neglect
 For any carnal or prophane Respect ?

Am. Well, be it so (and all Disputes aside)
 I wink, and follow thee my faithful Guide.

Cor.

Cor. Then linger not (my Heart) enter into the Cave.

Am. But to the Temple first I'll go

'T'adore the Gods : For unless Heav'n shall
'give

'Success, no mortal Enterprize can thrive.

Cor. 'To devout Hearts all Places Temples
are :

It will loose too much Time.

Am. In using Pray'r ?

'To them that made Time, Time cannot be lost.

Cor. Go, and return then quickly.-- So almost
I'm past the bad Way ; only this Delay
Gives me some Cause of Trouble ; yet this may
Be of use too. Something there should be done
T' abuse my honest Lover *Coridon*.

I'll say, I'll meet him in the Cave, and so
Will make him after *Amarillis* go.

This done, by a back Way I'll thither send
The Priest of *Cynthia* her to apprehend :

Guilty she will be found, and Sentence have
Of Death without all doubt. She in the Grave
Mirtillo is my own : His Cruelty

To me being caus'd by Love to her. But see
The Man ! I'll found him 'till she comes. Now
rise,

Rise all my Love into my Tongue and Eyes.

S C E N E

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S C E N E VI.

*Mirtillo, Corisca.**Mirtillo.*

Hear, ye damn'd Spirits, that in Hell
 lament,
 Hear a new Sort of Pain and Punishment.
 See in a Turtle's Look a Tyger's Mind !
 She, crueller than Death, since she did find
 One Death would not suffice her bloody Will,
 And that to live, was to be dying still,
 Enjoyns me not to make my self away,
 That I might die a thousand Times a Day.

Cor. (I'll make as though I saw him not) I
 hear

A doleful Voice pierce my relenting Ear,
 Who should it be ? *Mirtillo*, is it you ?

Mir. I would it were my Ghost.

Cor. Well, tell me true,
 Tell me, *Mirtillo*, how thy self dost find,
 Since to thy dearest Nymph thou break'st thy
 Mind ?

Mir. As one who in a Fever cast,
 Forbidden Liquor longs to taste,
 If gotten, sets it to his Mouth,
 And quenches Life, but cannot Droughth :
 So I, with amorous Fever long
 Consum'd, from her fair Eyes and Tongue
 Sweet Poison suck'd, which leaves me more
 Enflam'd than I ev'n was before.

Cor.

Cor. ' Love upon us no Power can have
 ' But what our selves (*Mirtillo*) gave.
 ' As a Bear does with her Tongue
 ' Polish her mishapen Young,
 ' Which never else distinct would grow.
 ' So Man when he does Form bestow,
 ' To a rude and faint Desire,
 ' That would otherwise expire,
 ' Hatches Love ; which is at first
 ' Weak and raw, but when 'tis nurs't,
 ' Fierce and cruel. It is so
 ' With Love, for when it old does grow
 ' It tyrannizes in a Breast,
 ' And grows a Master from a Guest.
 ' For when the Soul shall once be brought
 ' To be fetter'd to one Thought,
 ' And that not have the Pow'r to move
 ' A Minute from its Object, Love
 ' (Made for Delight) will turn to Sadness ;
 ' And which is worse, to Death or Madness.
 ' Therefore my Advice shall be,
 ' To part thy Love to two or three.

Mir. Let Death or Madness me betide,
 Rather than my Flame divide.

Amarillis (though she be
 Cruel and unkind to me)
 Is my Life and Reason too,
 And to her I will be true.

Cor. Foolish Swain that can't not tell
 How to make a Bargain well.
 What ? Change Love for Hatred ? I
 Rather now than do't would die.

Mir.

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Mir. ' Cruelty does Faith refine,
 ' As the Fire the golden Mine :
 ' Where were the Loyalty of Love,
 ' If Women should not Tyrants prove ?
 In my many Suff'rings this
 All my Joy and Comfort is,
 Sorrows, Tortures, Exile, Gall,
 Here's a Cause will sweeten all.
 Let me languish, let me burn,
 Let me any Thing but turn.

Cor. O brave Lover ! valiant Breast !
 More impetuous than a Beast !
 And yet tamer than a Rock
 Which endures the Ocean's Shock !
 ' In Lovers Hearts there cannot be
 ' A worse Disease than Constancy.
 ' O most unhappy those in whom
 ' This foolish Idol finds a Room !
 ' Which shackles us, when we might prove
 ' The sweet Variety of Love.
 With this dull Virtue Constancy,
 Tell me (simple Lover) why
Amarillis ? For her Face ?
 Whom another must embrace ?
 Or dost thou affect her Mind,
 Which to thee is not inclin'd ?
 All then that thou can'st doat upon
 Is thy Destruction foolish Man.
 And wilt thou ever be so mad
 To covet what cannot be had ?
 Rouze *Mirtillo*, know thy Parts ;
 Can'st thou want a thousand Hearts ?

Mir. Others

Others I dare swear there be,
That would sue as much to thee.

Mir. To be my *Amarillis's* Thrall,
Is more than to command them all.

And if she my Suit deny,
All that's Pleasure I defy.

I to make another Choice ?
In another I rejoyce ?

Neither could I if I would,
Neither would I if I could :

But if possible to me
Such a Will or Power there be,
Heaven and Love before that Hour
Strip me of all Will and Power.

Cor. Thou art enchanted ; otherwise
Could'st thou too thy self despise ?

Mir. I must when I'm despis'd by her,
Corisca.

Cor. Come, *Mirtillo*, ne'er
Deceive thy self : Perhaps thou dost suppose
She loves thee in her Heart, altho' she shows
An outward scorn. If thou but knew'st that
she

Talks oftentimes to me concerning thee.

Mir. All these are Trophies of my constant
Love,
With which I'll triumph o'er the Pow'rs a-
bove,

And Men below, my Torments and her Hate,
O'er Fortune and the World, o'er Death and
Fate.

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Cor.

Cor. (Wonder of Constancy! If this Man knew
How much he's lov'd by her, what would he do?)
Mirtillo, how it pities me to hear
These frantick Speeches! Tell me, wert thou e'er
In love before?

Mir. Fair *Amarillis* was
My first, and my last Love shall be.

Cor. Alas!

Then it should seem that thou didst never prove
Any but cruel, but disdainful Love.

O that 't been thy Chance but once to be
In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free!

Try that a little: Try it, and thou'lt find

How sweet it is to meet with one that's kind;

That Loves and Honours thee as much as thou

Thy sour and cruel *Amarillis*; how

Delightful 'tis to have a Joy as great

As is thy Love, a Happiness compleat

As thy own Wish: To have thy Mistress twine

About thy Neck, and her Sighs eccho thine:

And after say, my Joy, all that I have,

All that I am, and thy Desires can crave,

At thy Devotion is: If I am fair,

For thee I go; for thee I deck this Hair,

This Face, this Bosom; from this Breast of mine

I turn'd my own Heart out to harbour thine.--

But this is a small River to that vast

Sweet Sea of Pleasure which Love makes us taste;

And they alone that taste can well relate.

Mir. A thousand thousand Times more for-
tunate

Is he that's born under so blest a Star !

Cor. Here me *Mirtillo* : ('Ere I was aware
I'd almost call'd him mine) a Nymph as fair
As the proud'st she that curls or spreads to th'
Air

Her golden Tresses, worthy of thy Love
As thou of hers, the Honour of this Grove,
Love of all Hearts ; by every Worthy Swain
In vain solicited, ador'd in vain,
Does love thee only, and thee only Prize
More than her Life, and more than her own
Eyes.

Mirtillo, scorn her not, if wise thou be ;
For as the Shadow does the Body, she
Will follow thee through all the World : She
will

At thy least Word and Beck be ready still
As thy obedient Hand-maid : Night and Day
With thee she'll pass the tedious Hours away.
Ah ! do not wave, (*Mirtillo*) do not wave
So rare a Bliss ; the perfect'st Joys we have,
Are those which neither Sighs nor Tears do cost,
Nor Danger, and on which least Time is lost.
Here thou hast Past-time, at thy Door a Feast
Upon the Table always ready dress'd
To please thy Taste. Alas ! can'st thou receive
A greater Gift than this ? *Mirtillo*, leave,
Leave this cold Hunting after flying Feet,
And her that runs to thy Embraces meet.
Nor do I feed thee with vain Hopes ; command
That's all, and she that loves thee is at Hand,
Now, if thou say the Word.

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Mir. I prethee rest
Content, my Pallat is not for a Feast.

Cor. Try but what Joy is made of once, and
then

Return thou to thy wonted Grief agen,
That thou mayst say, thou hast a Taste of both.

Mir. 'Distemper'd Pallats all sweet Things
do loath.

Cor. Yet do't in Pity unto her that dies,
Unless sh' enjoy the Sun of thy fair Eyes.
Uncharitable Youth, art thou not poor?
And can'st thou beat a Beggar from thy Door?
Ah! what thou would'st another should extend
To thee, do thou now to another lend.

Mir. What Alms can Beggars give? In short,
I swore

Allegiance to that Nymph whom I adore,
Whether she Tyrant prov'd, or merciful.

Cor. O truly blind, and most unhappy, dull
Mirtillo! who is't thou art constant to?

I am unwilling to add Woe to Woe;
But thou indeed art too much wrong'd, and I
Who love thee am not able to stand by
And see thee so betray'd. If thou suppose:

This Cruelty of *Amarillis* grows
From Zeal to Virtue or Religion's Laws
Thou art deceiv'd, another gains the Cause,
And thou (poor Wretch!) whil'st he does laugh,
must cry.

What, stricken dumb?

Mir. I'm in an Extacy,

'Twixt Life and Death suspended, 'till I know
Whether I should believe thee now or no.

Cor. Dost thou believe me then?

Mir. If I did, I

Had not surviv'd it sure : And I will die
Yet, if it be a Truth.

Cor. Live (Wretched live)
To be reveng'd.

Mir. But ah ! I can't believe
It is a Truth.

Cor. Wilt thou not yet believe,
But force me to tell that which it will grieve
Thy Soul to hear ? Dost thou see yonder Cave ?
That is thy Mistress Faith's and Honour's Grave :
There laughs sh'at thee, there makes of thy anoy
A poynant Sauce to thy tir'd Rival's Joy.
In short ; there a poor Base-born Shepherd warms
Thy virtuous *Amarillis* in his Arms.

Now go and sigh, and whine, and constant prove
Unto a Nymph that thus rewards thy Love.

Mir. Alas, *Corisca* ! dost thou tell me true ?
And is it fit I should believe thee too ?

Cor. The more thou search'st, 'twill still the
worse be.

Mir. But didst thou see't, *Corisca* ? Woe is me !

Cor. Truth is, I did not see it, but thou
may'st,

And presently, for she her Word has past
To meet him there this very Hour : But hide
Thy self beneath that shady Hedge's Side,
And thou thy self shalt see her straight descend
Into the Cave, and after her, her Friend.

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Mir. So quickly must I die?

Cor. See! I have spi'd

Her coming down already by the Side
O' th' Temple : Mark! how guiltily she moves!
Her stealing Pace betraying their stoln Loves.
To mark the Sequel, do thou here remain,
And afterwards we two will meet again.

Mir. Since the Discovery of th' Truth's so
near,
With my Belief I will my Death defer.

S C E N E VII.

Amarillis.

NO mortal Work successfully is done,
Which with th' immortal Gods is not
begun.

Full of Distractions, and with heavy Heart,
I did from hence to the bright Fane part :
Whence (Heaven be prais'd) I come as light as
Air,

And strangely comforted : For at my Pray'r
Pure and Devout, I felt from thence (me-
thought)

Another Soul into my Body shot,
Which whisper'd, Fear not *Amarillis*, go
Securely on. Yes, and I will do so,

Heav'n guiding.—Motherfair of Love, befriend
 Her that on thee for Succour does depend :
 Thou that as Queen in the third Orb dost shine,
 If e'er thou felt'st Love's Flames, ah ! Pity
 mine.

Bring (Courteous Goddess) by a secret Path
 Quickly that Youth to whom I've pledg'd my
 Faith.

And thou, dear Cave, 'till I have done my
 Work,

Suffer this Slave of Love in thee to lurk.

But *Amarillis*, all the Coast is clear,

None nigh to see thee, none there's nigh to hear;
 Securely enter. O *Mirtillo*, O

Mirtillo, if thou dream'd'st for what I go!—

S C E N E VIII.

Mirtillo.

I Wake and see, what I could wish't t' have
 been

Born without Eyes, that I might not have seen :
 Or rather not to have been born. Curst Fate!

Why hast thou thus prolong'd my Life's sad
 Date,

To bring me to this killing Spectacle ?

Mirtillo, more tormented than in Hell

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The blackest Soul is, not to doubt thy Grief:
Not to be able to suspend Belief.

Thou, thou hast heard and seen't : Thy Mistress is

Another Man's. And (which is worse) not his
Whose by the World's Laws she was bound to
be,

But by Love's Laws taken from only thee.

O cruel *Amarillis* ! to undo

This wretched Man, and then to mock him too
With that unconstant Mouth, which once did
meet,

And once did call *Mirtillo*'s Kisses sweet :

But now his hateful Name (which hap'ly rose
Like bitter Drink that 'gainst the Stomach goes)
Because it should not Bitterness impart,

To thy Delight, has voided from thy Heart.

Since therefore she who gave thee Life, has ta'en
That Life away, and given it again

T'another ; why dost thou thy Life survive,
Wretched *Mirtillo* ? Why art thou alive ?

Die, die *Mirtillo* unto Grief and Smart,
As unto Joy already dead thou art.

Die dead *Mirtillo* ; since thy Life is so,

Let too thy Torment find a Period. Go
Out of the Anguish of this Death, which still
Keeps thee alive, that it may longer kill.

But shall I die then unreveng'd ? No sure,
I'll kill him first that did my Death procure.

I will dispense with my dire Love of Death,
'Till I have justly ta'en away his Breath

Who flew my Heart unjustly. Yield stout Grief
To Anger, Death to Life, 'till in my Life
I have aveng'd my Death.

Let not this Steel be drunken with the Flood
Of its own Master's unrevenged Blood.

Nor this Right Hand its ireful Pow'r assuage
'Till made the Minister of justest Rage.

Thou that enjoy'st my Spoils (whate'er thou be)
Since I must fall, I'll pull thee after me.

In the same Brake I'll plant my self agen ;

And when I see him coming to the Den,
Will rush upon him with this piercing Dart
At unawares, and strike him through the Heart.

But is't not base to strike him out of Sight ?

It is : Defy him then to single Fight,

Where Valour may my Justice prove. Ah ! no :

This Place is unto all so known, and so

Frequented, that some Swains may interpose :

Or (which is worse) enquire of me whence grows

Our Quarrel ; which if I deny, 'tis naught

They'll think ; if feign a Cause, I may be caught

Then in a Lye : If told, her Name will be

Blasted with everlasting Infamy :

In whom, although I never can approve

That which I see, yet I must ever love

That which I fancy'd, and did hope t' have
seen,

And that which ought (I'm sure) in her t' have
been.

Die basely then the base Adulterer,

Who has slain me, and has dishonour'd her.

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Yes,

Yes, but the Blood may (If I kill him here)
 The Murther show, and that the Murtherer :
 What do I care ? I, but the Murth'rer known
 Betrays the Cause for which the Murther's done.
 So this ungrateful Woman runs the same
 Hazard this Way of Shipwreck in her Fame.
 Enter the Cave then, and assault him there.
 I will, and softly tread for fear she hear.
 That she's at the other End the Words imply'd.
 Now (hid with Branches) in the Rock's left
 Side,

There is a Hollow at the steep Stairs Foot,
 There without any Noise, I'll wait to put
 In execution my Design. My Foe
 Dispatch'd, his bleeding Carcass will I throw
 To my She-foe, to be reveng'd on two
 At once. The self same Steel I'll then imbrue
 In my own Blood : So three shall die in brief
 Two by my Weapon, and the third of Grief.
 A sad and miserable Tragedy
 Of both her Lovers shall his Tigress see,
 Of him she loves and him she scorns. And this
 Cave which was meant the Chamber of their
 Bliss,

To her and to her Minion shall become,
 And (which I more desire) t' her shame, a Tomb.
 But you dear Footsteps (which I long have trac'd
 In vain) unerring Path, lead me at last
 To where my Love is hid ; To you I bow,
 Your Print I follow. O *Corisca* ! now
 I do believe thee : Now th' hast told me true.

S C E N E IX.

Satyr.

DOES he believe *Corisca*? And pursue
 Her Steps to *Erycina's* Cave? A Beast
 Has Sense enough to apprehend the Rest.
 But if thou dost believe her, thou hadst need
 Have from her good Security indeed,
 And hold her by a stronger Tie than I
 Had lately of her Hair. But stronger Tie
 On her there cannot be than Gifts. This bold
 Strumpet her self to this young Swain has sold.
 And here, by the false Light now of this Vault,
 Delivers the bad Goods which he has bought.
 Or rather, 'tis Heav'n's Justice which has sent
 Her hither to receive her Punishment
 From my revenging Hands. His Words did
 seem
 T' imply she made some Promises to him
 Which he believ'd: And by his spying here
 Her Print, that she is in the Cave, 'tis clear.
 Do a brave Thing then: Stop the Mouth o' th'
 Cave
 With that great hanging Stone, that they may
 have
 No Means of 'scaping; to the Priest then go,
 And bring, by the Back-way, (which few do
 know)

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His Ministers to apprehend, and by
 The Law deservedly to make her die.
 For 'tis not unto me long since unknown,
 That she contracted is to *Coridon*,
 Howe'er he does (because he stands in fear
 Of me) to lay his Claim to her forbear.
 But now I'll give him leave at once to be
 Reveng'd on her both for himself and me.
 But I lose Time in talk. From this young Grove
 I'll pull a Tree up by the Root, to move
 The Stone withal. So this I think will do :
 How heavy 'tis ! The Stone has a Root too.
 What if I min'd it with this Trunk ? And so
 As with a Leaver heav'd it from below ?
 Good, good ; now to the other Side as much.
 How fast it sticks ? I did not think it such
 A difficult Attempt as it has prov'd ;
 The Center of the Earth were easier mov'd.
 Nor Strength nor Skill will do this Work, I see :
 Or does that Vigour which was once in me
 Now fail me at my Need ? What do ye do,
 My perverse Stars ? I will, (in spite of you)
 I will remove it yet. The Devil haul
Corisca, (I had almost said) and all
 The Sex of them. O *Pan Liceus*, hear,
 And to move this, be moved by my Pray'r!
Pan, thou that all Things canst, and all Things
 art,
 Thou once thy self didst woo a stubborn Heart,
 Revenge on false *Corisca* now, thy own,
 And my despised Love. I move the Stone
 Thus by the Virtue of thy sacred Name ;
 Thus rowls it by the Virtue of the same. So,

So, now the Fox is trapt, and finely shut
Where she had earth'd her self. I'll now go put
Fire to the Hole ; where I could wish to find
The Rest of Women, to destroy *the Kind*.

C H O R U S.

O Love ! how potent and how great thou art !
Wonder of Nature and the World : What
Heart

So dull as not to feel thy Pow'r ? What Wit
So deep and piercing as to fathom it ?
Who knows thy hot lascivious Fires ; will say,
Infernal Spirit, thou dost live and sway
In the corporeal Part. But who so knows
How thou dost Men to vertuous Things dispose,
And how the dying Flame of loose Desires
Looks pale, and trembles at thy chaster Fires ;
Will say the Immortal in the Soul alone
Has rais'd and firmly plac'd his sacred Throne.
‘ Rare Monster ! wonderfully got betwixt
‘ Desire and Reason ; an Affection mixt
‘ Of Sense and Intellect : With knowing wild :
‘ With seeing blind : A God, and yet a Child :
And (such) thou sway'st the Earth and Heaven too ;
On which thou tread'st as we on t'other do.
Yet (by thy Leave) a greater Miracle,
A mightier Thing than thou art I can tell.
For all thou dost (that may our Wonder claim)
Thou dost by Vertue of a Woman's Name.

Woman!

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Woman ! the Gift of Heav'n ; or of him rather
 Who made thee fairer, being of both the Father.
 Wherein is Heav'n so beautiful as thou ?
 That rowls one Eye alone in its vast Brow,
 (Like a grim Cyclop) not a Lamp of Light,
 But Cause of Blindness and Cymerian Night
 To the bold Gazer : If that speak, it is
 A thund'ring Voice ; and if it sigh, the Hiss
 Of Earth-engendred Winds. Thou, with the fair
 Angel-like Prospect of two Suns, which are
 Serene and visible, dost still the Winds,
 And calm the Billows of tempestuous Minds ;
 And Sound, Light, Motion, Beauty, Majesty,
 Make in thy Face so sweet a Harmony,
 That Heav'n (I mean this outward Heav'n) must needs
 Confess thy Form the Form of that exceeds :
 Since Beauty that is dead less noble is
 Than that which lives, and is a Place of Bliss.
 With Reason therefore Man (that gallant Creature,
 That Lords it over all the Works of Nature)
 To thee as Lady Paramount pays Duty,
 Acknowledging in thine, thy Maker's Beauty.
 And if he Triumphs gain, and Thrones inherit,
 It is not that thou sharest less of Merit ;
 But for thy Glory : Since a greater Thing
 It is to conquer, than to be a King.
 But that thy conqu'ring Beauty does subdue
 Not only Man, but ev'n his Reason too,
 That 'tis a Truth past Doubt we plainly see,
 In our Mirtillo's wond'rous Constancy.
 And this was wanting to thy Pow'r before,
 To make us Love when we can Hope no more.

A C T



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Corisca.

Y Heart and Thoughts'till now were
so much set
To train that foolish Nymph into
my Net,

That my dear Hair (which by that Rogue was
ta'en

From me) and how to get it back again
I quite forgot ; O how it troubled me
To pay that Ransom for my Liberty !
But 't had been worse t' have been Pris'ner there
To such a Beast : Who though he does not wear
A Mouse's Heart, might have mous'd me : For I
Have (to say Truth) fool'd him sufficiently :
And, like a Horse-leech, did him suck and drein
As long as he had Blood in any Vein.
And now he's mov'd I love him not ; and mov'd
He well might be, if him I e'er had lov'd.
How can one love a Creature that does want
All that is lovely ? As a stinking Plant

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Which the Physician gather'd for the Use
 He had of it ; when he has strain'd the Juice
 And Virtue out, is on the Dunghill thrown ;
 So having squeez'd him, I with him have done.
 Now will I see if *Coridon* into

The Cave's descended. Hah ! what do I view ?
 Wake I ? Or sleep I ? Or am drunk ? But now
 This Cave's Mouth open was I'm sure ; then how
 Comes it now shut ? And with a ponderous
 And massy Stone rowl'd down upon it thus ?
 Earthquake I'm sure t' unhinge it there was none.

Would I knew certainly that *Coridon*
 And *Amarillis* were within ; and then
 I car'd not how it came. He's in the Den,
 If (as *Lisetta* said) he parted were
 From Home so long ago. Both may be there,
 And by *Mirtillo* shut together. ' Love,
 Fir'd with Disdain, has Strength enough to
 ' move

The World, much more a Stone. Should
 ' it be true,

Mirtillo could not have devis'd to do
 Dought more according to my Heart than this,
 Though he *Corisca* had enthron'd in his,
 In stead of *Amarillis*. I will go
 The back Way in, that I the Truth may know.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Dorinda, Linco.**Dorinda.*

BUt *Linco*, didst thou know me not indeed?
Lin. Who could have known you in this
 savage Weed

For meek *Dorinda*? But if I had been
 A ravenous Hound, (as I am *Linco*) then
 I to your cost had known you for a Beast.
 What do I see? What do I see?

Dor. Thou seest
 A sad Effect of Love; a sad and strange
 Effect of loving, (*Linco.*)

Lin. Wond'rous Change!
 Thou a young Maid, so soft, so delicate,
 Who was (methinks) an Infant but of late,
 Whom in my Arms I bore (as I may say)
 A very little Child but Yesterday,
 And steering your weak Steps, taught you to
 name

(When I your Father serv'd) Pappa and Mama,
 Who like a tim'rous Doe (before your Heart
 Was made a Prey t' insulting Love) did start
 At every Thing that on a sudden stirr'd,
 At every Wind, at every little Bird
 That shook a Bough, each Lizard which but ran
 Out of a Bush, made you look pale and wan;
 Now

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Melampo th

Now all alone o'er Hills, through Woods you
pass

Fearless of Hounds or savage Beasts.

Dor. Alas!

She whom Love Wounds, no other Wound
' can fear.

Lin. Indeed, fair Nymph, Love shew'd his
Godhead here,

From Woman to a Man transforming you,
Or rather to a Wolf,

Dor. If thou couldst see
Into my Breast, (O *Linco*!) then thou'dst say,
A living Wolf upon my Heart does prey
As on a harmless Lamb.

Lin. Is *Silvio*, say,
That Wolf?

Dor. Alas, who else can be't?

Lin. Away,
Cause he's a Wolf, you a She-wolf would be,
To try, since on your human Visage he
Was not enamour'd, if he would at least
Affect you in the Likeness of a Beast,
As being of his Kind. But pray how, where
Got'st thou these Robes?

Dor. I'll tell thee: I did hear
Silvio would chase to Day the noble Boar
At *Erimanthus* Foot; and there before
The Morning peep't, was I from Wood to Wood
Hunting the Hunter; by a Chrystal Flood
From which our Flocks did climb the Hills,
I found

Melampo the most beauteous *Silvio's* Hound,
Who

Who having quench'd his Thirst there as I guess
 Lay to repose him on the Neighb'ring Grass.
 I, who love any Thing that *Silvio* claims
 The Ground he headed, in which he bathes, the
 Streams,

And Shadow which his lovely Limbs do cast
 Much more the Dog on which his Love is plac'd
 Stooping, laid sudden hold on him, who came
 Along with me as gently as a Lamb,
 And whilst 'twas in my Thoughts to lead him
 back

Unto his Lord and mine, hoping to make
 A Friend of him with what he held so dear,
 He came himself to seek him, and stopt here,
 Dear *Linco*, I'll not lose thee so much Time,
 As to tell all that's past 'twixt me and him ;
 This only, to be brief, After a long
 Preface of Oaths on one another strung,
 And treach'rous Promises, this cruel Swain
 Flung from me full of Anger and Disdain,
 Both with his own *Melampo*, (to his Lord
 So true) and with my dear and sweet Reward.

Lin. O Cruel *Silvio* ! ruthless Swain ! But what
 Did you do then (*Dorinda* ?) did you not
 Hate him for this ?

Dor. Rather (as if the Fire
 Of his Disdain Love's Fire had been) his Ire
 Increas'd my former Flame. His Steps I trace
 And thus, pursuing him towards the Chace,
 I met (hard by) with my *Lupino*, whom
 Before a little I had parted from,
 When straight it came into my Head, that I
 In his Attire, and in the Company

Of Shepherds might be thought a Shepherd too,
And undiscover'd my dear *Silvio* view.

Lin. In a Wolves Likeness amongst Hounds ?
And none

Bite you ? 'Tis much (*Derinda*) you have done.

Dor. This (*Linco*) was no Miracle : For they
Durst not touch her who was their Master's Prey.
There I, out of the Tents, amidst a Crew
Of neighb'ring Shepherds who were met to view
The famous Pastime, stood admiring more
To see the Huntsman, than the hunted Boar :
At every Motion of the furious Beast,
My poor cold Heart shiver'd within my Breast :
At every Action of the Brave young Man,
My Soul with all her touch'd Affections ran
Into his Aid. But my extream Delight
Again was poison'd with the horrid Sight
Of the fierce Boar, whose wond'rous Strength
and vast

Proportion, all Proportion's Rules surpass
As an impetuous Whirlwind in a great
And sudden Storm, which all that it does meet
(Houses and Trees and Stones) before it bears,
All it can get within its Circle tears
To Pieces in an Instant : So the Boar
Wheeling about (his Tusks all Foam and Gore)
Pil'd in one Heap Dogs slain, Spears snapt, Men
wounded.

How oft did I desire to have compounded
For *Silvio's* Life, with the intraged Swine !
And for his Blood, t'have giv'n the Monster
mine !

How

How oft was I about to run between,
 And with my Body his fair Body screen?
 Spare cruel Boar, (how often did I cry!)
 Spare my dear *Silvio's* Breast of Ivory;
 Thus to my self I spake, and sigh'd, and pray'd
 When his fierce Dog (arm'd with a Breast-plate
 made

Of hard and scaly Barks of Trees) he slipt
 After the Beast, now prouder, being dipt
 Thoroughly in Blood, and lifted from the Ground
 On slaughter'd Trunks. The Valour of that
 Hound

(*Linco*) exceeds Belief: And *Silvio's* Breast,
 Not without Reason, loves that fearless Beast,
 As a chaf'd Lion, which now meets, now turns
 From wild untamed Bulls well-brandish'd
 Horns,

If once he come with his strong Paw to seize
 Upon his Shoulder, Masters him with ease:
 So bold *Melampo*, shunning with fine Slights,
 The Boar short Turns, and rapid Motion, lights
 At length upon his Ear; which having bit
 Quite through, and lug'd him twice or thrice
 by it,

He with his Teeth so nail'd him to the Ground,
 That at his bulky Sides a mortal Wound
 Might levell'd be with greater Certainty,
 (Before but slightly hurt) then suddenly
 My lovely *Silvio*; (calling on the Name
 Of *Cynthia* Goddess do thou give me aim

(Said

Said he) the horrid Head is thine. This said,
 His Golden Quiver's swiftest Shaft to th' Head
 He drew ; which flying to that very Point
 Where the Left-shoulder knits with the Neck-
 joint,

There wounded the fierce Boar, so down he fell.
 Then I took Breath, seeing my *Silvio* well,
 And out of Danger. Happy Beast ! to die
 So sweet a Death, as by that Hand, which I
 Would beg my End from.

Lin. But what then became
 Of the slain Beast ?

Dor. I know not ; for I came
 Away, for fear of being known ; but, I
 Suppose, the Head to th' Temple solemnly
 They'll bear, according to my *Silvio's* Vow.

Lin. But will you not get out of these Weeds
 now ?

Dor. Yes : But my Garments with my Head
 array,
Lupino has, who promis'd here to stay
 With them, but fails. Dear *Linco*, if thou love
 Me, seek him for me up and down this Grove :
 Far off he cannot be ; mean while I'll take
 A little Rest (dost see there ?) In that Brake,
 There I'll expect thee ; for I am o'er-come
 With Weariness and Sleep, and will not Home
 Accoutred thus.

Lin. I go : But stir not then
 Out of that Place 'till I return agen.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Chorus, *Ergasto*.

Chorus.

HAve ye heard, Shepherds, that our Demi-
God

(*Moniano's* and *Alcides* worthy Blood)

This Day has freed us from that dreadful Beast
Which all *Arcadia* lately did infest ?

And that he is himself preparing now

I'th' Temple for it to perform his Vow ?

If for so great a Benefit we'd show

Our Gratitude, to meet him let us go,

And join our Tongues and Hearts together
there,

To honour him as our Deliverer.

' Which Honour, tho' it be Reward too small

' For such a fair and valiant Soul ; 'tis all

' Virtue can have on Earth.

Erg. O sad Disaster !

O bitter Chance ! O Wound that has no Plaister !

O Day to be for ever steep'd in Tears !

Cho. What doleful Voice is this that strikes
our Ears ?

Erg. Stars, that are Enemies to Man always,

Why do you mock our Faith ? Why do you
raise

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Cho. Erg.

Erg. But

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Our Hope on high, that when it falls again,
The Precipice may be with greater Pain.

Cho. *Ergasto* by his Voice ; and it is he.

Erg. But why do I accuse Heav'n wrongfully?
Accuse thy self *Ergasto* : Thou alone,
Thou, thou against the Steel didst strike the Stone;
Thou laid'st the Match to that same Tinder ;
whence

A Flame unquenchable is kindled since.

But Heav'n does know, I for the Best did do it,
And Pity only did induce me to it.

Ill-fated Lovers ! wretched *Titiro* !

Poor *Amarillis* ! childless Father ! O

Mourning *Montano* ! O *Arcadia* gone

in a Consumption far ! and we undone !

In short, most sad, all I have seen ! or see !

Or speak ! or hear ! or think !

Cho. What may this be ?

Ah ! that one, one Event one only shou'd

such Desolation general include !

This Way he bends his Course, let us go meet
him, (Swains.)

Erg. Eternal Gods ! is it not yet
Time to abate your Wrath ?

Cho. Unfold to us

Courteous *Ergasto* what afflicts thee thus.

What dost thou moan ?

Erg. Your Ruin and mine own :

The Ruin of *Arcadia's* self I moan.

Cho. Alas ! why so ?

Erg. The very Staff, the Stay

of all our Hope is broke, and pull'd away.

Cho.

Cho. Speak plainer.

Erg. *Ti'ro's* Daughter, that sole Prop
Of her old House, and Father the sole Hope
Of our Deliv'rance, promis'd here below,
Above decreed to marry *Silvio*,
As th' only Means that should *Arcadia* save ;
That Heav'nly Maid, so sober, and so grave,
That President of Honour, (crown'd with Lillies
Of Chastity) that peerless *Amarillis* !
She, she (alas ! I have no Heart, no Breath
To tell you.)

Cho. Is dead :

Erg. Is near her Death.

Cho. Alas ! what have we heard.

Erg. Nothing as yet :

She dies a Malafactress : It is that.

Cho. A Malafactress *Amarillis* ?

Ergasto

Erg. Caught with an Adult'rer now.

And, if ye stay a little longer here,
Led pinion'd to the Temple ye shall se'er.

Cho. ' O Female Structures, glorious and
most fair,

' But weak withal ! O Chastity, how rare
Art thou ! and shall it then for Truth be cry'd,
No Woman's chaste but she that ne'er was try'd

Erg. Indeed, when she that's Virtue's self
does fall,

We well may doubt the Virtue of them all.

Cho. Pray, if it will not too much Trouble be
Tell the whole Story to these Swains and me.

Erg. I
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Erg

Erg. I will: The Priest early to Day (ye know)

Did with this wretched Nymph's sad Father go,
Unto the sacred Temple; with one Care
Both being mov'd t' accelerate by Pray'r
Their Children's wisht for Marriage. For this
End

At once their Incense did to Heav'n ascend,
At once their Offerings bled, their Sacrifice
At once was done with due Solemnities,
And such glad auspice, that no Entrails e'er
Were fairer seen, no Flame was more sincere,
And less eclips'd with Smoke: Mov'd with
such Signs,

Thus the blind Prophet speaks, and thus divines;

This Day (Montano) shall thy Silvio love:

Thy Daughter (Titiro) a Wife shall prove:

Go and prepare the Marriage. O absurd,

And vain depending on an Augur's Word!

And thou as blind in Soul, as in thy Eyes!

If thou hadst said, *Prepare her Obsequies,*

Then a true Prophet thou hadst prov'd indeed.

Yet all the Standers by were comforted,

And the Old Fathers wept for Joy apace,

And *Titiro* was parted from the Place.

When in the Temple suddenly were heard

ominister Omens, and dire Signs appear'd

oding Heav'n's Wrath. At which (alas!) if each

stood there astonisht and bereft of Speech

After so fair Beginnings, Friends, judge you.

Mean while the Priests themselves alone with-

drew

G

Into

Erg

Into an Inner Room : And whilst they there,
 And we without intent in Praying were,
 Devout and Weeping ; puffing through the Press
 The shagged *Satyr* (lo !) demands Access
 To both good Priests. I (Porter of that Place)
 Admit him : He then (O he has a Face
 To bring ill News !) cry'd ; Fathers, if your
 Pray'r

Find not the Gods, your Vows and Incense are
 Not acceptable, and your Sacrifice ;
 If from your Altars Flames impure arise
 Think it not strange, that likewise is impure
 Which is committing now hard by your Door,
 In *Ericina's* Cave : A false Nymph there
 Is breaking with a base Adulterer
 Your Laws, and her own Faith. Send with
 me now

Your Ministers, and I will shew them how
 I'th' Act to take 'em. Then (O Human Mind
 When thy Fate's near, how dull thou art ! how
 blind !)

The good Priests breath'd : Supposing 'twas no
 more

But them remove, and Heav'n would as before
 Look on their Sacrifice beni'nely. There-
 Upon they order their chief Minister
Nicandro presently to take that Guide,
 And bring both Lovers to the Temple ty'd :
 With all his Under-Ministers he goes,
 Pursuing that vile *Satyr* through a Close
 And crooked Way into the Cave. The Maid
 Struck with their Torches sudden Light, assay'd
 From

from where she was to run out of the Door,
Which that base Dog had stopt (it seems) before.

Cho. And what did he the While ?

Erg. He went his Ways

Then he had led *Nicandro* to the Place.

at (Friends) I cannot tell the general
astonishment that fell upon us all,

When it the Daughter prov'd of *Titiro* :

Who taken, in a trice (I do not know

out of what Place) forth bold *Mirtillo* flew *

and a sharp Dart which he was arm'd with
threw

like Light'ning at *Nicandro* : Which, if it

the Place that it was aimed at had hit,

had sent him to the Shades : But (whether I
may call it Fortune, or Agility)

at the same Instant the one aim'd his Blow,

the other stept a little backward ; so

the mortal Steel past by, leaving his Breast

untoucht, and in his Coat of Skins did rest,

to the which [I know not how] 'twas wove

so intricately, that *Mirtillo* strove

vain to pull it out ; and so he too

was taken.

Cho. And with him what did they do ?

Erg. He to the Temple by himself was
brought.

Cho. For what ?

Erg. To try if he'd discover ought

touching the Fact in Question. Perhaps too

h' Affront he in their Minister did do

Unto the Priestly Majesty, might some
Penance deserve. Would yet I might have come
To comfort my poor Friend !

Cho. What hind' red thee ?

Erg. The Waiters at the Altar may not be
Admitted to Delinquents : Therefore I
Sequestred from the other Company,
Go by my self unto the Temple where
With many a Prayer and devouter Tear,
I'll beg of Heav'n that it would chase away
This fullen Storm that overclouds our Day.
Dear Shepherds rest in Peace, and joyn with ours
Your Pray'rs to soften the cœlestial Towers.

Cho. We will, when we have paid to *Silvius*
That Duty first we to his Goodness owe.
O ye great Gods ! now, now, if ever, prove
Your *Anger* less eternal than your *Love*.

S C E N E IV.

Corisca.

Circle ye Triumph-decking Lawrel Boughs
Circle my glorious and victorious Brows.
Into Love's Lifts, (hedg'd round about with
Flame)

This Day *I came, I saw, I overcame* :

This Day has Heav'n and Earth, Nature and
Art,

Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'en my Part
Ev'n that

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Wit.

Ev'n that base *Satyr*, who abhors me so,
 Has help'd me too, as if he too did go
 Some Share with me. How much more happily
 Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, than I
 Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon*? To make
 Her Crime more show of Likelihood to take?
 And though *Mirtillo*'s apprehended too,
 That matters not; they soon will let him go:
 Th' Adulteress only pays the Penalty,
 O famous Triumph! Solemn Victory!
 If Lying may deserve a Trophy, I
 Deserve a Trophy for my artful Lye;
 Which from this Tongue and Bosom has done
 more

For me than Love with all his Charms before.
 But this is not a Time to talk: Withdraw
 Thy self *Corisca*, 'till the Doom of Law
 Fall on thy Rival's Head, for fear that she
 ' excuse her self, should lay the Blame on thee.
 Or that the Priest himself should wish to know
 What thou canst say, before he give the Blow.
 When a Mine springs, 'tis good to stand aloof;
 A lying Tongue requires a flying Hoof.
 I'll hide me in those Woods, and there will make
 some stay, 'till it be Time to come and take
 possession of my Joys. O! it has hit
 beyond all Thought. Success has crown'd my
 Wit.

G 3

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*Nicandro, Amarillis.**Nicandro.*

A Heart of Flint, or rather none had he,
Nor human Sense, that could not pierce
thee.

Unhappy Nymph! and for thy Sorrow grieve
The more, by how much less they can believe
This should befall thee, who have known thee
best.

For were it but to see a Maid distressed
Of venerable Count'nance, and who show'd
So virtuous and so excellently Good;
One who for heav'nly Beauty merited
Temples and Sacrifices, to be led
Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,
Who could behold her without melting Eyes?
But he that should consider farther, how,
And for what Purpose thou wert born; that thou
Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and shou'd
Have marry'd been to great *Montano's* Blood,
(Two the most lov'd and honour'd shall I say
Shepherds, or Fathers of *Arcadia*?)
And that being such, so great, so famous, and
So beautiful a Nymph, and who did stand

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By Nature so remote from thy Death's Brink,
Thou shouldst be now condemn'd. He that
does think

On this and weeps not, wails not thy Mishap,
Is not a Man, but Wolf in humane Shape.

Am. If my Mishap had come through my
own Fault,

And the Effect had been of evil Thought
As of a Deed that seems ill, it had been
Less grievous to me to have Death pay sin ;
And very just it were I should have spilt
My Blood to wash my Soul impure from Guilt,
To quench Heav'n's Wrath ; and since to Man
did Wrong,

Pay what to humane Justice does belong :
So might have still'd a crying Conscience,
And mortify'd with a due inward Sense
Of deserv'd Death, render my self more fit
To die, and through that Purgatory get
Perchance to Paradise. But now in all
My Pride of Youth and Fortune thus to fall,
Thus innocent, is a sad Case, a sad——

Nicandro.

Nic. Nymph, O would to Heav'n Man had
Sinn'd against thee, rather than thou 'gainst
Heav'n.

For Satisfaction might be easier giv'n
To thee for thy wrong'd Fame than unto it
For its wrong'd Deities. Nor know I yet
Who wrong'd thee but thy self. Wert thou
not caught

Alone with the Adult'rer in a Vault ?

To *Silvio* pre-contracted wert not thou?
And so thy Nuptial Faith hast broken? How
Then Innocent?

Am. For all this have not I
Transgress'd the Law; and Innocent I die.

Nic. Not Natures Law perchance, *Love where
thou wilt:*

But that of Men and Heav'n, *Love without Guilt.*

Am. Both Men and Heav'n (if all our For-
tune be
Deriv'd from thence) transgress't have against me.
For what but an ill Destiny could bid
That I should die for what another did?

Nic. What was that Nymph? Bridle thy
Tongue with high-
Flown Grief transported ev'n to Blasphemy.

' The Ills we suffer our own Sins pull down:

' Heav'n pardons many Wrongs, but commits
none.

Am. I blame in Heav'n but only my own Star.
And one that has deceiv'd me more by far.

Nic. Then blame thy self, thy self thou didst
deceive.

Am. I did when I a Coz'ner did believe.

Nic. ' They who desire to be deceiv'd, are
not.

Am. Dost think me naught?

Nic. Nay, ask thy Actions that.

Am. ' Actions are oft false Comments on our
Hearts.

Nic. ' Yet those we see, and not the inward
Parts.

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Am. ' The Heart may be seen too with th'
Eyes o' th' Mind.

Nic. ' Without the Senses help those Eyes
are blind.

Am. ' The Senses must submit to Reason's
Sway.

Nic. ' Reason in Point of Fact must Sense obey.

Am. Well, I am sure an honest Heart I have.

Nic. Prethee, who brought thee then into the
Cave?

Am. My Folly and too much Credulity.

Nic. Thou trustedst with a Friend thy Honesty?

Am. I trusted a Friend's Honesty.

Nic. Thy Blood?

Was that the Friend thou wouldst have under-
stood?

Am. *Ormino's* Sister, who betray'd me thither.

Nic. 'Tis sweet when Lovers are betray'd
together.

Am. *Mirtillo* enter'd without my Consent.

Nic. How enter'dst thou then? And for what
Intent?

Am. Let this suffice, 'twas not for him I came.

Nic. It cannot, if no other Cause thou name.

Am. Examine him about my Innocence.

Nic. Him? Who has been the Cause of thy
Offence.

Am. Call her to Witness who has me betray'd.

Nic. Why should we hear a wretched faith-
less Maid?

Am. By chaste *Diana's* dreadful Name I swear.

Nic. Thou by thy Deeds art perjur'd unto her.

Nymph, I am plain, I cannot flatter thee
 Into a Hope which in Extremity
 Will leave thee more confounded ; these are
 Dreams :

‘ A troubled Fountain cannot yield pure Streams
 ‘ Nor a bad Heart good Words. And where
 the Deed

‘ Is evident, Defence Offence does breed.
 What dost thou talk ? Thou shouldst have guard-
 ed more

Than thy Life now, thy Chastity before.
 Why dost thou cheat thy self ?

Am. O Misery !

Must I then die, *Nicandro* ? Must I die ?
 None left to hear ? None to defend me left ?
 Of all abandon’d ? Of all Hope bereft ?
 Only of such a mocking Pity made
 The wretched Object as affords no Aid ?

Nic. Be patient, Nymph, and give me Cause
 to tell,

Though thou didst Ill, yet that thou suffer’dst
 well.

Look up to Heav’n, since thence thou draw’st
 thy Birth ;

‘ All Good or Ill we meet with upon Earth,
 ‘ From thence as from a Fountain does distil.
 ‘ And as no Good is here unmixd with Ill,
 ‘ So Punishment, that’s Ill to Flesh and Blood,
 ‘ As to th’ Accompt we must make there is
 Good.

And if my Words have cut thee, ’tis but like
 A faithful Surgeon, who a Vein does strike,

Or thrusts
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Or thrusts his Iustrument into the Wound
Where it most mortal is and most profound,
In being cruel, merciful. Then be
Content with what is writ in Heav'n for thee.

Am. O 'tis a cruel Sentence, whether it
In Heav'n for me, or it on Earth be writ :
Yet writ in Heav'n I'm certain it is not :
For there my Innocence is known. But what
Does that avail me, if that die I must ?
That's the straight narrow Passages to be Dust,
Nicandro, that's the bitter Cup : But oh !
By that Compassion thou to me dost show,
Lead me not to the Temple yet : O stay.

Nic. ' Who fears to die, dies ev'ry Hour
o'th' Day.
Why hang'st thou back, and draw'st a painful
Breath ?

' Death has no Ill in't, but the Fear of Death.
' And he that dies when he has heard his Doom,
' Flies from his Death.

Am. Perchance some Help may come.
Father, dear Father, dost thou leave me too ?
An only Daughter's Father, wilt thou do
Nothing to save me ? Yet before I die,
A parting Kiss to me do not deny.
Two Bosoms shall be pierc'd with one dire Blow :
And from thy Daughter's Wound thy Blood
must flow.

O Father ! (once so sweet and dear a Name,
Which I was never wont t' invoke in vain)
Thy belov'd Daughter's *Wedding* call'st thou this ?
To Day a Bride ; to Day a Sacrifice.

Nic.

Nic. Good Nymph no more: Why dost thou
thus with Pain

Torment thyself and me, and all in vain?
The Time calls on: I must convey thee hence,
Nor with my Duty longer may dispence.

Am. Dear Woods adieu then, my dear Woods
adieu:

Receive these Sighs (my last ones) into you,
'Till my cold Shade, forc'd from her Seat by dire
And unjust Steel, to your lov'd Shades retire.
(For sink to Hell it can't, 'tis innocent;
Nor soar to Heav'n, laden with Discontent.)

Mirtillo, (O *Mirtillo*!) most accurst
The Day I saw, the Day I pleas'd thee first!
Since I, whom thou above thy Life didst love,
Became thy Life, that thou my Death might'st
prove.

She dies condemn'd for Kindness now to thee,
Whom thou hast still condemn'd of Cruelty,
I might have broke my Faith as cheap: Ay me!
Now without Fault, or Fruit I die, or Thee
My dear *Mirtill*——

Nic. Alas! she dies indeed.

Poor Wretch! Come hither Shepherds with all
Speed,

Help me to hold her up. (O mournful Case!)
See finish'd in *Mirtillo's* Name her Race.
(Unhappy Maid!) —— she Breathes yet,
and I feel

Some Signs of Life pant in her Bosom still.
To the next Fountain let us carry her;
Perchance cold Water may recover there.

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Her fleeting Spirits. ——— Stay, will not Relief
 Be Cruelty to her who dies of Grief,
 To prevent Dying by the Axe? Howe'er,
 O let not us our Charity forbear.
 Men ought to lend their Aid in present Woe :
 What is to come, none but the Gods fore-
 know.

S C E N E VI.

Chorus of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Huntsmen,} \\ \text{Shepherds,} \end{array} \right\}$ with Silvio.

Chorus *Huntsmen.*

O *Glorious Youth ! true Child of Hercules,
 Who kill'st so soon such monst'rous Beasts as
 these !*

Ch. Sb. O glorious Youth ! by whom lies
 slain and queld

This *Erimantbian* Monster, (living) held
 Invincible ! Behold the horrid Head,

Which seems to threaten Death altho' 'tis dead !

This is the famous Trophy, noble Toil

Of him whom we our Demi-God do stile.

Exol his Glory, (Shepherds) and this Day

Keep ever solemn, ever sacred Day.

Cho.

Cho. Huntf. O Glorious Youth! true Child of
Hercules,

Who kill'st so soon such monstrous Beasts as these!

Ch. Sb. O Glorious Youth! that dost de-
pise thine own,

For others Safeties. ' Virtue climbs her Throne

' By these steep Stairs; and the high Gods
' have set

' Before her Palace-Gates Labour and Sweat.

' He that would land at Joy must wade through
' Woes :

' Nor by unprofitable base Repose

' Abhorring Labour, but from gallant Deeds,

' And vertuous Labour true Repose proceeds.

Cho. Huntf. O Glorious Youth! true Child of
Hercules.

Who kill'st so soon such monstrous Beasts as these!

Ch. Sb. O Glorious Youth! by whom these
Plains depriv'd

Of Tillage, and of Tillers long, retriev'd

Their fruitful Humours have. The Plough-man
now

Securely goes after the lazy Plough,

Sows his plump Seed, and from Earth's preg-
nant Womb

Expects the Harvest when the Season's come.

No more shall churlish Tusk, or churlish Foot

Trample them down, or tear their tender Root.

Nor shall they prosper so as to sustain

A Beast, to be their own, and others Bane.

Cho.

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Cho. Huntsf. O Glorious Youth, thou Child of Hercules,

Who kill'st so soon such monstrous Beasts as these !

Cho. Shep. O Glorious Youth ! as if presaging thine,

The Heav'n to Day does in full Glory shine.

Such peradventure was that famous Boar

Alcides slew, yet so thy Act is more ;

It being (*Silvio*) thy first Labour, as

Of thy great Ancestor the Third it was.

But with wild Beasts thy Infant-valour plays.

To kill worst Monsters in thy riper Days.

Cho. Huntsf. O Glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules,

Who kill'st so soon such monstrous Beasts as these !

Cho. Shep. O Glorious Youth ! how well are join'd in thee

Valour and Piety ! See *Cynthia*, see

Thy devout *Silvio*'s Vow ! behold with white

And crooked Tusk, (as if in thy Despight)

The proud Head arm'd on this Side and on that,

Seeming thy Silver Horns to emulate !

If then (O pow'rful Goddess) thou didst guide

The young Man's Shaft, he is in justice ty'd

To dedicate this Trophy Great to thee,

By whom he thus obtain'd the Victory.

Cho. Huntsf. O Glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules,

Who kill'st so soon such monstrous Beasts as these !

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Coridon.

I Have forborn 'till now to credit what
 The *Satyr* told me of *Corisca* late,
 Fearing it might be some malicious Lye
 Devis'd by him to shake my Constancy.
 For most improbable it seem'd, that she
 In the same Place where she expected me,
 (Unless the Message which *Lisetta* brought
 To me from, her were false) should straight be
 caught

With an Adulterer. And yet (to speak
 The Truth, here's no small Sign, these Tokens
 make

My Soul perplext, to see the Mouth o'th' Den
 Just in that Manner he related then
 Shut and damm'd up with such a massy Stone.
 Ah false *Corisca*! too well by my own
 Experience long of thy ungen'rous Deeds
 I know thee now: Stumbling so oft, thou needs
 Must fall at last. So many Frauds, so many
 Lyes, and Vow-Breaches might have warn'd
 any

(Whom Folly or Affection did not blear)
 That some such fearful stumbling Fall was near,
 'Twas well for me I staid so by the Way ;
 A happy Chance my Father made me stay :

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 Regain'd

Though then I did suppose him foolishly
 T' have been a tedious long Delay. Had I
 Come at *Lisetta's* Hour, I might have seen
 Something which Poyson to my Eyes had been.
 But what shall I do now? Arm'd with Disdain,
 Shall I Revenge and Mischief entertain?
 No: I have lov'd her, and this Act does crave
 My Pity, not my Anger. Shall I have
 Pity on one deceiv'd me? Me! ah she
 Deceiv'd herself by leaving faithful me,
 To give her self a Prey into the Hand
 Of an ignoble Swain, a Stranger and
 A Vagabond, that will to Morrow be
 More wav'ring, more without true Faith than
 she.

Shall I take Pains then to revenge a Wrong
 That carries with it its Revenge along?
 And quenches all my Indignation so,
 'Tis turn'd to Pity? See has *scorn'd* me too:
 In this sh' has *honour'd* me: Who thus could
 chuse,

Highly commends the Man she does refuse,
She scorn'd me, who the Way did never know,
 How she should Love receive, or how bestow.
 Who lik'd at random still, or had this Curse,
 If two were offer'd her, to chuse the Worse.
 But tell me *Coridon*, how can it be,
 If scorn of being scorn'd shall move not thee
 To take revenge; but that to have been cross'd
 By such a Loss should do't? I have not lost
 Her whom I never had: My self I have
 Regain'd, whom I thus to another gave.

Nor

Nor can't a Loss be constru'd to remain
 Without a Woman so unsure and vain.
 In fine, What have I lost ? Beauty without
 Virtue : A Head with all the Brains thrown out
 A Breast that has no Heart : A wretched Heart
 No Soul, or such as will no Faith impart.
 A Shade, a Ghost, a Carcass of Affection,
 Which will to Morrow turn to Putrefaction :
 Is this a Loss ? I will be bold to say't,
 'Tis a great Gain as well as fortunate.
 Is there no Woman in the World but she ?
 Can *Coridon* want Nymphs as fair as she ?
 And far more true ? But she may well want one
 Will love her with such Faith as *Coridon*,
 Whom she deserv'd not. Now if I should do
 That which the *Satyr* did advise me to,
 Accusing her of *Vow-breach*, in my Breath.
 I know it lies to have her put to death.
 But I have not an Heart so Aspine, I,
 That with the Wind of Woman's Levity
 It should be mov'd. Too great a Happiness
 And Honour 'twere to their Perfidiousness,
 If with the Trouble of a manly Breast,
 And Breaking of the happy Peace and Rest
 Of an ingenious Soul, I were to be
 Reveng'd upon *Corisca* now. For me
 Then let her live : Or (to express it better)
 By me not die, live for my Rival let her.
 Her Life, no more shall all my Vengeance claim,
 Let her then live to Penitence and Shame.
 I know not how to envy him, or loath
 Her ; but with all my Heart I pity both.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Silvio.

O Goddess of the Slothful, Blind and Vain,
Who with foul Hearts, Rites foolish and
prophane,
Altars and Temples hallow to thy Name!

Temples! or Sanctuaries vile said I?
To protect Lewdness and Impiety,
Under the Robe of thy Divinity?

And thou, base Goddess! that thy Wickedness,
When others do as bad, may seem the less,
Giv'st them the Reigns to all Lasciviousness.

Rotter of Soul and Body, Enemy
Of Reason, plotter of sweet Thievery,
The little and great World's Calamity.

Reputed worthily the Ocean's Daughter:
That treach'rous Monster, which with even
Water
First sooths, but ruffles into Storms soon after.

Such Winds of Sighs, such Cataracts of Tears,
Such breaking Waves of Hopes, such Gulfs of
Fears,
Thou mak'st in Men, such Rocks of cold Despairs.
Tides

Tides of Desire so Head-strong, as would move
 The World to change thy Name, when thou
 shalt prove
 Mother of Rage and Tempests, not of Love.

Behold what Sorrow now and Discontent
 On a poor Pair of Lovers thou hast sent !
 Go thou, that vaunt'st thy self Omnipotent.

Go, faithless Goddess, save that Nymph whom
 thou
 Hast poison'd with thy Sweets (if thou know'st
 how)
 From her swift Death's pursuing Footsteps now.

O *what* a happy Day *was* that for me,
 When my chaste Soul I did devote to thee,
 Cynthia, my great and only Deity !

True Goddess ! unto *whose* peculiar Shrine
 The fairest Souls in all the Earth incline,
 As thou in Heav'n dost all the Stars out-shine.

How much more laudable and free from Pain
 The Sports are *which thy* Servants entertain,
 Than *those* of chasteless Cytherea's Train !

Wild Boars are kill'd by thy true Worshipers :
 By wild Boars miserably kill'd are hers.
 O Bow, my Strength and Joy ! My Conquer-
 ers.

My

My Arrows ! Let that Bug-bear Love come try
 And match with you his soft Artillery :
 They whom you wound do in good earnest die.

But too much Honour hence to thee would come,
 Vile and unwarlike Boy, to chastise whom

(I speak't aloud) a Rod's enough. *Enough.*

What art thou that reply'st ? Eccho ? Or Love ?
 That so does imitate the same ? *The same.*

Most wish'd ! but tell me true ; Art thou he ? *He.*

The Son of her that for *Adonis* once
 So miserably pin'd away ? *Away.*

Well : Of that Goddess who was found in Bed
 With *Mars*, 'when the Stars shot to see her
 shame,

And the chaste Moon blush'd at her folly ? *OLye!*

What Madnes 'tis to whistle to the Wind !
 Come (if thou darest) to the wide Air, *I dare.*

And I defie thee. But art thou her Son
 Legitimate, or else a By-blow ? *I Blow.*

O ! the Smith's Son that's call'd a God. *A God.*

Of what ? The Follies of the World ? *The World.*

The Bawd thou art. Art thou that dreadful Boy
 That

That tak'st such sharp Revenge upon those
Wights

Who thy absurd Commands do not obey?
What Punishments dost thou inflict on those
Who in Rebellion persevere ? *Severe.*

And how shall I be punish'd, whose hard Heart
Has always been at odds with Love ? *With Love.*

When (Sot) if my chaste Breast be to those Flames
More opposite than Night to Day ? *To Day.*

So quickly shall be in that Streight ? *Streight.*

What's she can bring me to adoring ? *Dorin.*

Dorinda, is it not, my little Child,
Thou wouldst say in thy lithping Gibb'rish ? *Ish.*

She whom I hate more than the Lamb the Wolf?
And who to this shall force my Will ? *I will.*

And how ? And with what Arms ? and with
what Bow ?

Shall it be happily with thine ? *With thine.*

Thou mean'st, perchance, when by thy Wan-
tonness

It is unbent, and the String broken ? *Broken.*

Shall

shall my own Bow, after 'tis broken too,
 Make War on me? And who shall break't?
 You? *You.*

'Tis plain now thou art Drunk: Go to sleep.
 But say,
 Where shall these Miracles be Wrought? Here?
Here.

O Fool! and I am going now from hence.
 See if thou hast not prov'd thy self to Day
 A Prophet with the Wine inspir'd. *Inspir'd.*

But stay, I see (unless I much mistake)
 A greyish Thing at couch in yonder Brake:
 'Tis like a Wolf, and certainly 'tis one.
 O what a Huge one 'tis! how over-grown!
 O Day of Prey to me! What Favours are
 These, courteous Goddesses? In one Day a Pair
 Of such wild Beasts to triumph o'er? But why
 Do I delay this Work, my Deity?
 The swiftest and the keenest Shaft that is
 In all my Quiver (let me see, — 'tis this)
 I do select: To thee I recommend it,
 O Archerefs eternal) do thou send it
 By Fortune's Hand, and by thy Pow'r Divine
 Guide it into the Beast. His Skin is thine.
 And in thy Name I shoot. Happy Event!
 Just where the Eye and Hand design'd it, went.
 Would now I had my Javelin here, to make
 Shall An End of him at once, before he take

The

The Wood for shelter : But the Place shall yield
 Me Weapons. Not a Stone in all the Field ?
 But why do I seek Weapons, having these ?
 This second Arrow lays him at his Ease.
 Alas ! what do I see ? What hast thou done,
 Unhappy *Silvio* ? What hast thou run
 Thy self into ? Thou hast a Shepherd slain
 In a Wolf's Skin. O Action full of Stain
 For ever plung'd in Grief for me to lie,
 For ever buried up in Infamy.
 The Wretch too I should know, and he that
 Does lead and hold him up is *Linco*. O
 Vile *Arrow* ! Viler *Vow* ! but vilest *Thou*
 That didst direct that Arrow, hear that Vow !
 I guilty of another's Blood ? I kill
 Another ? I that was so free to spill
 My Blood for others, and my Life to give ?
 Throw down thy Weapons, and inglorious live
 See here he comes, tho' truly wretched he,
 Yet he less wretched, *Silvio*, is, than thee.



S C E N E

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SCENE IX.

Linco, Silvio, Dorinda.

Linco.

LEAN, Daughter, on my Arm with all
thy Weight,
(*Wretched Dorinda*) do.

Sil. Dorinda's that ?

Ah! I am dead.

Dor. O Linco, Linco ! O
My second Father !

Sil. 'Tis Dorinda : Woe,
Woe on thee *Silvio !*

Dor. Linco, thou wert sure
Ordain'd by Fate to be a Stay to poor

Dorinda. Thou receiv'dst my first weak Cry
When I was born : Thou wilt, now I'm to die,
My latest Groan : And these thy Arms which
were

My Cradle then, shall now become my Bier.

Lin. Ah Daughter ! (or more dear than if
thou wert

My Daughter) speak now to thee for my Heart
I can't, Grief melts each Word into a Tear.

Sil. O Goddess Earth, earn't I call on thee,
Open thy dreadful Chasms and swallow me.

Dor. Not so fast, Linco, if thou lov'st me :

Dear

H

Linco

Linco, nor go, nor weep so fast ; one rakes
My Wound too bad, t'other a new Wound
makes.

Sil. (Poor Nymph ! how ill have I repaid
thy Love !

Lin. Be of good Comfort, Daughter, this
will prove
No mortal Wound.

Dor. It may be so ; but I
That am a Mortal, of this Wound shall die.
Would I knew yet who hurt me !

Lin. Get thee sound,
And let that pass : Revenge ne'er cur'd a Wound.

Sil. Why dost thou stay ! What mak'st thou
in this Place ?
Wouldst thou be seen by her ? Hast thou the Face ?
Hast thou the Heart t' indure it ? *Silvio*, fly
From the sharp Dart of her revenging Eye :
Fly from her Tongue's just Sword. I cannot go,
Nor what it is that keeps me do I know,
But something holds me, and would make me run
To her, whom I of all the World would shun.)

Dor. Must I then die and not my Murth'rer
know ?

Lin. 'Twas *Silvio*.

Dor. How dost know 'twas *Silvio* ?

Lin. I know his Shaft.

Dor. Then welcome Death, if I
Shall owe thee to so sweet an Enemy !

Lin. See where he stands ! for Questions needs
no Time,
His Posture and his Looks proclaim the Crime.
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Not to be

Now, *Silvio*, Heav'n be prais'd thy Shafts and Bow

Thous't us'd so well about these Woods, that now
With such Dexterity thou'st play'd thy Part,
Thou hast commenc'd a Master of thy Art;
That acts like *Silvio*, not like *Linco*, who
This gallant Act perform'd, *Linco*, or you!
This 'tis for Boys to be so overwise:

Ah! would'st thou've taken this old Fool's Advice;

Answer, thou Wretch, what ling'ring Misery?
What Horrors wilt thou live in if she die?

I know thou'lt say thou ernd'st and thoughts't
to strike

A Wolf, as if 'twere nothing, School Boy like,
To shoot at all Adventures and not see

Whether or no a Man or Beast it be.

What Peasant, or what Goat-herd does not go
In Skins like these. This, *Silvio*, well you
know,

' Soon ripe soon rotten. If thou think'st, fond
Child,

This Chance by Chance besel thee, thou'rt be-
gild.

These monit'rous Things without divine Decree

Hap not to Men. Dost thou plainly see

How this thy insupportable Disdain

Of Love, the World and all that is human

Displeases Heav'n. ' The Gods cannot abide

A Rival on this Globe; and hate such Pride

' Altho' in Virtue. Now thou art dumb,

Not to be born before.

Dor. Give *Linco* room.
 Give him, O *Silvio*, room to talk : For he
 Knows not what Pow'r Love gave thee over
 me,
Of Life and Death. If thou hadst strook my
 Heart,
 Th' hadst *strook* what's thine (mark'd *proper* for
 thy Dart)
 Those Hands to wound me, thy fair Eyes have
 taught.
 See, *Silvio*, her thou hat'st so ! see her brought
 To those Extremes that thou wouldst see her
 bear.
 Thou sought'st to wound her, see her wounded
 here !
 To Prey upon her, see she is thy Prey !
 Thou sought'st her Death, and see she's dying !
 say,
 Wouldst thou ought else of her ? What farther
 Joy
 Can poor *Dorinda* yield thee ? Cruel Boy !
 And void of Pity ! thou wouldst ne'er be-
 lieve
 That Wound which from thy Eyes I did re-
 ceive :
 This which thy Hands have giv'n canst thou
 deny ?
 Those chrystial Show'rs which issu'd from my
 Eye,
 Thou couldst not be perswaded were my Blood :
 What dost thou think now of this crimson Flood
 Which

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Which my Side weeps? But (if o'erwhelm'd
with Scorn,

That Brav'ry be not wherewith thou wert born)

Deny me not, (though cruel Soul, yet brave)

Deny me not ('tis all the Boon I crave)

When I shall Sigh into thee my last Breath,

One Sigh of thine. O happy, happy Death!

If thou vouchsafe to sweeten it with these

Kind Words and piteous ; *Soul, depart in peace.*

Sil. Dorinda, my Dorinda, shall I say,

(Alas!) when I must lose thee, the same Day

Th'art mine : Now mine, when Death to thee I

give,

That wert not mine, when I could make thee
live.

Yes mine I'll call thee : And thou mine shalt be
Inspight of my opposing Destiny.

For if thy Death our meeting Souls disjoin,

My Death shall re-unite us. All that's mine

Hastes to revenge her : I have murder'd thee

With these curs'd Arrows ; with them mur-
der me.

Most cruel have I been to thee ; and I

Desire from thee nothing but Cruelty.

I scorn'd thee in my Pride ; see! with my Knee

(Low bended to the Earth) I worship thee,

And Pardon of thee, but not Life demand.

Take Shafts and Bow : But do not strike my
Hand

Or Eye, bad Ministers, 'tis true, yet still

But Ministers of an unguilty Will :

Strike me this Breast, this Monster hence re-
move,

Sworn Enemy of Pity, and of Love.

Strike me this Heart, to thee so cruel.

See my naked Breast !

Dor. I strike, what says't to me ?

I strike that Breast ? Sure if thou didst not
mock,

Thou wouldst not shew't me naked. O white
Rock !

Already by the Winds and briny Main

Of my rough Sighs and Tears oft strook in
vain !

But dost thou breathe ? Nor art to Pity bar'd ?

Art thou a tender Breast, or marble hard ?

I would not idolize fair Alabaster,

(Led by the human Likeness) as thy Master

And mine, when on the Outside he did look,

A harmless Woman for a Beast mistook.

I strike thee ? Strike thee Love ? Nor can I
wish

For my Revenge a greater Plague than this.

Yet must I bless the Day that I took fire,

My Tears and Martyrdom. All I desire

Is that thou praise my Faith, my Zeal, but no

Revenging me. But courteous *Silvio*,

(That to thy Servant kneel'd) why this to me ?

Or if *Dorinda* must thy Mistress be,

Obey her then ; the first Command I give,

Is that thou rise ; the Second, that thou live.

Heav'n's Will be done with me : I shall survive

In thee, and cannot die whilst thou'rt alive.

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Divert I

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Slaying

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Her hen

But if thou think'st unjust I should be found
Without all Satisfaction for my Wound,
Be that, which did it, punish'd. 'Twas that
Bow :

Let that he broke ; I'm well revenged so.

Lin. (A very heavy Doom.)

Sil. Come then thou mad,

Thou bloody Actor of a Deed so sad :

That thou mayst ne'er break Thread of Life
again,

Thus do I break thee and thy Thread in twain,
And send thee, useless Trunk, back to the Wood.

Nor you (ill sanguin'd with a guiltless Blood !)

Which my dear Mistress Side so rudely rent,

(Brothers in ill) shall 'scape your Punishment.

Not Shafts, nor Flights, but Sticks, since ye
shall want

Those Wings and Heads which garnish'd you :
Avaunt

Arms, without Arms, deplum'd. How well,
O Love,

Didst thou foretel me this from yonder Grove ?

In a prophetick Eccho ! O thou high

Conqu'rour of Gods and Men, once Enemy.

Now Lord of all my Thoughts ! if 'tis thy Glory

To tame a Heart that's proud and refractory,

Divert Death's impious Dart, which with one
Blow

Slaying *Dorinda*, will slay *Silvio* too.

(Now thine :) So cruel Death, if it remove

Her hence, will triumph o'er triumphant Love.

Lin. Now both are wounded : But the one
in vain,
Unless the other's Wound be heal'd again.
About it then.

Dor. Ah *Linco* ! do not (pray)
Carry me Home disguis'd in this Array.

Sil. Why should *Dorinda* go to any Home
But *Silvio's* ? She shall sure my Spouse become
E're it be Night, either alive, or dead.
And *Silvio* or in Life or Death shall wed
Dorinda.

Lin. Now she may become thy Wife,
Since *Amarillis* is to Marriage, Life,
And *Virtue* lost. Blest Pair ! Ye Gods (that do
Wonders) with one Cure now give Life to
two.

Dor. O *Silvio* ! I shall faint, my wounded
Thigh
Feebly supporting me.

Sil. Good Remedy
For that ! take Heart : Th'art mine and *Linco's*
Care,
And I and *Linco* thy Supporters are.
Linco, thy Hand.

Lin. There 'tis.

Sil. Hold fast : A Chair
Let's make for her of our two Arms. Rest
here

Dorinda, suff'ring thy right Hand t' imbrace
The Neck of *Linco*, thy left mine : Now place
Thy Body tenderly, that th' wounded Part
May not be strain'd.

Dor.

Dor. O cr
Sil. Sit
Dor. It
Sil. Good
Lin. No
Swag with
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A Boar's h
Sil. Say
How is it
Dor. In
My Hear
To languish

C

FAIR
And Cradle
Rock'd by
did be
their dear
did fee
The Sword
eclipse the
Nor wand'r
Or War, o
that pomp
Made up of

Dor. O cruel painful Dart !

Sil. Sit at more ease, my Love.

Dor. It is well now.

Sil. Good *Linco* do not stagger.

Lin. Nor do thou

Swag with thy Arm, but steady go and wary ;

It will concern thee. Ah ! we do not carry

A Boar's huge Head in triumph.

Sil. Say, my Dear,

How is it now ?

Dor. In Pain ; but leaning here

(My Heart) to be in Pain, is pleas'd to be ;

To languish, Health ; to die Eternity.

C H O R U S.

FAIR golden Age ! when Milk was th' only
Food,

And Cradle of the Infant World the Wood

Rock'd by the Winds ;) And th' untouch'd Flocks
did bear

Their dear young Ones for themselves ? None yet
did fear

The Sword or Poyson : No black Thoughts begun

Eclipse the Light of the eternal Sun :

Nor wand'ring Pines unto a foreign Shore,

Or War, or Riches (a worse Mischief) bore

That pompous Sound, Idol of Vanity,

Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,

Which they call Honour whom Ambition blinds,
 Was not as yet the Tyrant of our Minds.
 But to buy real Goods with honest Toil
 Amongst the Woods and Flocks, to use no Guile,
 Was Honour to those sober Souls that knew
 No Happiness but what from Virtue grew.
 Then Sports and Carols amongst Brooks and Plains,
 Kindled a lawful Flame in Nymphs and Swains.
 Their Hearts and Tongues concurr'd, they Kifs and
 Toy,

Which were most sweet, and yet which least did
 cloy,

Hymen bestow'd on them. To one alone
 The lively Roses of Delight were blown ;
 The thievish Lover found them shut on Trial,
 And fenc'd with Prickles of a sharp Denial.
 Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,
 Husband and Lover signify'd one Thing.
 Base PRESENT AGE, which does with thy
 impure

Delights, the Beauty of the Soul obscure :
 Teaching to nurse a Dropsy in the Veins,
 Bridling thy Looks, but giv'st Desire the Reins :
 Thus, like a Net that spread and cover'd lies
 With Leaves and tempting Flow'rs thou dost dis-
 guise

With coy and holy Arts a wanton Heart ;
 ' Mad'st Life a Stage-play, Virtue but a Part :
 ' Nor think'st it any Fault Love's Sweets to steal,
 ' So from the World thou canst the Theft conceal.
 But thou that art the King of Kings, create
 In us true Honour : Virtue's all the State

Great

Great Souls
 Which were
 From their
 Them, who
 Thee, and
 ' Let's hop
 ' From th
 ' rise
 ' And with

*Great Souls should keep. Unto these Cells return
Which were thy Court, but now thy Absence mourn,
From their dead Sleep with thy sharp Goad awake
Them, who, to follow their base Wills, forsake
Thee, and the Glory of the antient World.*

' Let's hope : Our Ills have truce 'till we are burld

*' From that : Let's hope ; the Sun that's set may
' rise,*

' And with new Light salute our longing Eyes.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Uranio, Carino.

Uranio.

‘  LL Places are our Country where
‘ we’re well :
‘ Which to the Wife is whereso’er
‘ they dwell.

Car. It is most true, *Uranio* : And no Man
By Proof can say it better than I can :
Who leaving long ago my Father’s House,
(Be’ng very young, and then Ambitious
Of something more than holding of the Plough,
Or keeping Sheep) travell’d abroad : And now
To the same Point where I began, return,
When my gilt Locks are to the Silver worn.

‘ Yet a sweet Thing (it needs must be confest)
‘ To any that has Sense, in his first Nest :
‘ For Nature gave to all Men at their Brith
‘ Something of secret Love to that same Earth
‘ Where they were born, which never Old cloth
‘ grow
‘ In us, but follows whereso’er we go.

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' The Loadstone which the wary Mariner
 ' Does as Director of his Travels bear ;
 ' Nor at the Dawn of Day, nor at the Close
 ' Does ever that dear hidden Virtue lose,
 ' Which makes it to the North retort its Look :
 ' So he that has his Native Soil forfook,
 ' Though he may wander far, much compass
 ' take,

' Yes, and his Home in foreign Countries make,
 ' Yet that same nat'ral Love does still retain,
 ' Which makes him with his Native Soil again.

O fair *Arcadia* ! the sweetest Part

Of all the World, (at least to me thou art)

Which my Feet trod on, but my Thoughts
adore !

Had I been landed blindfold on thy Shore,

Yet then I should have known thee, such a
Flood

Of sudden Joy runs Races with my Blood :

Such a magnetic powerful Sympathy,

And unaccustom'd Tenderneſs feel I.

Thou then, that my Companion dear haſt been

In Travels and in Sorrows, ſhalt be in

At my Joys too : 'Tis Reason thou ſhouldſt go

My half in Happineſs, as well as Woe.

Ura. Companion of thy Travels I have been,

Not of the Fruit thereof ; for thou art in

Thy Native Soil, where thou Repoſe mayſt find

For thy tir'd Body, and more tir'd Mind :

But I that am a Stranger, and am come

So many Leagues from my poor Houſe, and
from

My

My poorer and distressed Family,
 Trailing my wearied Limbs along with thee,
 For my afflicted Body well may find
 Repose, but not for my afflicted Mind :
 Thinking what Pledges do behind remain,
 And how much rugged Way I must again
 Tread over 'ere I rest. Nor do I know
 Who else could have prevail'd with me to go
 From *Elis* in my gray unweildy Age
 (Not knowing why) so long a Pilgrimage.

Car. Thou know'st my dear *Mirtillo*, (who
 was giv'n

As a Son to me by propitious Heav'n)
 Some two Months since came hither to be well,
 (By my Advice, or of the Oracle,
 To speak more true, which said, *Tb'* Arcadian
Air

Was tb' only Means that could his Health repair.)
 Now I, who find it an exceeding Pain,
 Without so dear a Pledge long to remain,
 Consulting the same Oracle, enquir'd
 When he'd return whom I so much desir'd.
 The Answer was the same I tell thee now ;
 Unto thy antient Country return thou ;
 Where with thy dear *Mirtillo* thou shalt be
 Happy ; for in that Place (by Heav'n's Decree
 He's mark'd out for great Things : But till thou come
 Into Arcadia, touching this be dumb.

Thou then, my faithful Companion, dear
 My lov'd *Uranio*, who didst ever bear
 A Share in all my Fortunes hitherto,
 Repose thy Body, and thou shalt have too

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 So it had
 And keep
Elis and
 Myself to
 An earth

Cause to repose thy Mind 'twixt me and thee,
 (If Heav'n perform what it has promis'd me)
 All shall be common : No Success can glad
Carino, if he see *Uranio* sad.

Ura. My dear *Carino*, what do I for thee,
 Rewards itself, if it accepted be.

But what at first could make thee to forego
 Thy Native Country, if thou lov'st it so?

Car. A Love to Poetry, and to the loud
 Music of Fame resounding in a Crowd.

For I myself (greedy of foreign Praise)

Disdain'd *Arcadia* only should my Lays

Hear and applaud : As if my Native Soil

Were narrow Limits to my growing Style.

I went to *Elis* and to *Pisa* then,

(Famous themselves, and giving Fame to Men)

There saw I that lov'd *Egon* first with Bays,

With Purple then, with Virtue deck'd always :

That he on Earth *Apolló's* self did seem :

Therefore my Heart and Harp I did to him

Still consecrate, devoted to his Name.

And in his House (which was the House of
 Fame)

I should have set up my perpetual Rest,

There to admire and imitate the Best,

If as Heav'n made me happy here below,

So it had given me the Grace to know

And keep my Happiness. How I forsook

Elis and *Pisa* after, and betook

Myself to *Argos* and *Micene*, where

An earthly God I worship'd, with what there

I suffer'd in that hard Captivity,
 Would be too long for thee to hear, for me
 Too sad to utter. Only thus much know,
 I lost my Labour, and in Sand did sow :
 I writ, wept, sung, hot and cold Fits I had ;
 I rid, I stood, I bore, now sad, now glad,
 Now high, now low, now in esteem, now
 scorn'd ;

And as the *Delphic* Iron, which is turn'd
 Now to Heroick, now Mechanick Use,
 I fear'd no Danger, did no Pains refuse ;
 Was all Things, and was nothing ; chang'd
 my Hair,

Condition, Custom, Thoughts, and Life, but
 ne'er

Could change my Fortune. Then I knew at
 last,

And panted after my sweet Freedom past.
 So flying smoaky *Argos*, and the great
 Storms that attend on Greatness, may Retreat
 I made to *Pisa*, (my Thoughts quiet Port)
 Where (Praise be giv'n to the Eternal for't)
 Upon my dear *Mirtillo* I did light,
 Which all past Sorrows fully did requite.

Ura. ' A thousand thousand Times that Man
 ' is blest

' Clan clip the Wings of his aspiring Breast :
 ' Nor for the Shadow of great Happiness,
 ' Does throw away the Substance of the less !

Car. But who'd have dream'd midst Plenty
 to grow poor ?

Or to be less, by toiling to be more ?

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 No Worth
 Of Age,
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 Of Good
 Sacred or

I thought by how much more in Princes Courts
Men did excel in Titles and Supports,
So much the more obliging they would be,
(The best Enamel of Nobility.)

But now the Contrary by Proof I've seen :
Courtiers in Name, and *Courteous* in their Mien

They are ; but in their Actions I could spy
Not the least Spark or Glympse of *Courtesy*.

People in shew as smooth as calmed Waves,
Yet cruel as the Ocean when it raves.

Men in Appearance only I did find,

Love in the Face, but Malice in the Mind :

With a strait Look, a squinting Heart ; at least
Fidelity where greatest was profest.

That which elsewhere is Virtue, is Vice there :

Plain Truth, square Dealing, Love unfeign'd,
sincere

Compassion, Faith inviolable, and

An Innocence both of the Heart and Hand,

They count the Folly of a Soul that's vile

And poor, a Vanity worthy their Smile.

To cheat, to lye, Deceit and Theft to use,

And under shew of Pity to abuse ;

To rise upon the Ruins of their Brothers,

And seek their own by robbing Praise from
others ;

The Virtues are of that perfidious Race,

No Worth, no Valour, no Respect of Place,

Of Age, or Law, Bridle of Modesty,

No Tie of Love, or Blood, nor Memory

Of Good receiv'd ; nothing to be rever'd

Sacred or just, whose Name it is not fear'd

By

By that vast Thirst of Riches, and Desire
 Unquenchable of still ascending higher.
 Now I (not fearing, since I meant not ill,
 And in Court-craft not having any skill,
 Wearing my Thoughts plain written in my
 Brow,

And a Glass-window in my Breast) judge thou
 How open and how fair a Mark my Heart
 Lay to their Envy's unsuspected Dart.

Ura. 'Who now can boast of Earth's Felicity
 ' When Envy treads on Virtue's Heels?

Car. O my *Urania*, if since my Muse and I
 From *Elis* past to *Argos*, I had found
 Such Cause to sing, as I had ample ground
 To weep, perchance in such a lofty Key
 I'd sung my Master's glorious Arms, that he
 Should have no Cause, for the Felicity.

Of his *Meonian* Trumpet to envy

Achilles : And my Country (which does bring
 Such hapless Poets forth as Swan-like sing
 Their own sad Fates) should by my Means have

now

And second Lawrel to inclose her Brow.
 But in this Age (inhuman Age the while !)
 The Art of Poetry is made too vile.

' Swans must have pleasant Nests, high feeding
 ' fair

' Weather to sing : And with a load of Care
 ' Men cannot climb *Parnassus* Cliff : For he
 ' Who is still wrangling with his Destiny,
 ' And his malignant Fortune, becomes hoarse
 ' And loses both his Singing and Discourse.

But
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 for *Arcadia*
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 His Way :
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 My Orac

— But now 'tis time to seek *Mirtillo* out :
 Although I find the Places hereabout
 so chang'd and alter'd from their antient wont,
 for *Arcadia* in *Arcadia* hunt.
 But come *Uranio* gladly for all this ;
 A Traveller with Language cannot miss
 His Way : Or, since th'art weary, thou wert
 best
 To stay at the next Inn to take some Rest.

SCENE II.

Titiro, Messenger.

Titiro.

W Hich first, my Daughter, shall I mourn
 in thee,
 Thy Loss of Life, or of thy Chastity ?
 I'll mourn thy Chastity : For thou wert born
 Of mortal Parents, but not bad. I'll mourn
 Not thy Life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see
 Thy Loss of Life, and of thy Chastity.
 Thou with thy Oracle's mysterious Cloud,
 Wrongly conceiv'd *Montano*) and thy proud
 Despiser both of Love, and of my Daughter:
 Unto this miserable End hast brought her.
 Alas ! how much more certain at this Time
 My Oracles have shew'd themselves than thine !
 ' For

- ' For Honesty in a young Heart does prove
- ' But a weak Fence against assaulting Love :
- ' And when a Woman's in a Place alone,
- ' She's but ill guarded, 'tis a Truth well known

Mess. Were he not under Ground, or flown
through th' Air,

I should have found him sure. But soft he's
there

(I think) where least - I thought. Th'art me
by me

Too late, old Father, but too soon for thee :
I've News.

Tit. What bring'st thou in thy Mouth? The
Knife

That has bereft my Daughter of her Life?

Mess. Not that; yet little less. But how
pray

Got'st thou this News so soon another Way?

Tit. Doth she then live?

Mess. She lives and in her Choice.

It is to live or die.

Tit. Blest be that Voice!

Why is she then not safe, if she may give
Her *No* to Death?

Mess. Because she will not live.

Tit. Will not? What Madness makes her
Life despise?

Mess. Another's Death. And (if that thy
Advice

Remove her not) she is thereon so bent,
That all the World cannot her Death prevent.

Tit. Why
us go.

Mess. Sta
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Tit. But b

Mess. She

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Tit. Why stand we talking here then? Let us go.

Mess. Stay: Yet the Temple's shut. Dost thou not know

That none but holy Feet on holy Earth
May tread, 'till from the Vestry they bring
forth

the destin'd Sacrifice in all its trim?

Tit. But before that —

Mess. She's watch'd

Tit. I' th' Interim

relate then all that's past, and to me show
The Truth unveil'd.

Mess. Thy wretched Daughter (Oh
sad Spectacle!) being brought before the Priest,
Did not alone from the Beholders wrest
alt Tears; but (trust me) made the Marble
melt,

and the hard Flint the Dint of Pity felt.

He was Accus'd, Convict, and Sentence past
All in a Trice.

Tit. (Poor Child!) and why such haste?

Mess. Because the Evidence was clear as Day:
besides, a certain Nymph (who she did say
could witness she was guiltless) was not there,
nor could by any Search be brought t' appear.
Then the dire Omens of some threatned Ill,
and horrid Visions, which the Temple fill,
brook no Delay, to us more frightful far,
how much more, unusual more they are,
nor ever seen, since the vext Pow'rs above
aveng'd the Wrong of scorn'd *Aminta's* Love.

(Who

(Who was their Priest whence all our Woe
had birth)

*The Goddess sweats cold Drops of Blood, the Earth
Is Palsey shook ; the sacred Cavern howls
With such unwonted Sounds as tortur'd Souls
Send out of Graves, and utters up a Smell
From its fowl Jaws, scarce to be match'd in Hell.*
His sad Procession now the Priest began
To lead t' a bloody Death thy Daughter, when
Mirtillo seeing her, (behold a strange
Proof of Affection!) profer'd to exchange
His Life for hers ; crying aloud, Her Harsh
Unty, (Ah how unworthy of such Bands!)
And in her Stead (who is design'd to be
A Sacrifice to *Cynthia* offer me
A Sacrifice to *Amarillis*.

Tit. There

Spoke a true Lover, and above base Fear!

Mess. The Wonder follows : She that was
afraid

Before of Dying, on the sudden made
Now Valiant by *Mirtillo's* Words, reply'd,
Thus, with a Heart at Death unterrifi'd,
But dost thou think (*Mirtillo*) then to give
Life by thy Death to her, who 'n thee doth live
It cannot, must not be : Come, Priests convey
Me to the Altar now without Delay.

Ah ! (cry'd the Swain) such Love I did not lack
Back, cruel *Amarillis*, O come back :

Now thou art more unkind than 'ere thou wert
'Tis I should die. Quoth she, thou act'st me

Part.

And

and here between them grew so great a Strife,
 as if that Life were Death, and Death were
 Life.

noble Souls ! O Pair eternally
 to be renown'd, whether ye live or die !
 glorious Lovers ! if I had Tongues more
 than Heav'n has Eyes, or Sands are on the
 Shore;

their Voices would be swallowed in the main
 of your endless Praises. Glorious Dame,
 daughter of *Jove*, (eternal as thy Father)
 that Mortals Deeds immortallizest, gather
 thou the fair Story, and in Diamond Pages,
 with golden Letters write to After-Ages
 the Bravery of both Lovers.

Tit. But who wan
 the Conquest in that Strife of Death ?

Mess. The Man.
 a long War ! which to the Victor Death did
 give,

and where the Vanquish'd was condemn'd to live.
 or thus, thus to thy Daughter spoke the Priest;
 nymph, let's alone, and set thy Heart at rest ;
ang'd for another none can be again,
so for another in Exchange was ta'en.

this is our Law. Then a strict Charge he gave,
 upon the Maid such careful Watch to have,
 that she might not lay a vi'lent Hand
 upon herself through Sorrow. Thus did stand
 the State of Matters, when in search of thee
Montano sent me.

Tit. 'Tis most true I see,

‘ Well-

‘ Well-water’d Meads may be without sweet
‘ Flow’rs

‘ In Spring ; without their verdant honour Bow
‘ ers ;

‘ And without chirping Birds a pleasant Grove

‘ ‘Ere a fair Maid and young without her Love

But if we loiter here, how shall we know

The Hour when to the Temple we should go

Mess. Here better than elsewhere : For here
it is

The honest Swain must be a Sacrifice.

Tit. And why not in the Temple ?

Mess. Because in

The Place ’twas done, our Law doth punish Sin

Tit. Then why not in the Cave ? The Sin
was there.

Mess. Because it must be in the open Air.

Tit. By whom hast thou these Mysteries been
told ?

Mess. By the chief Minister, and he by old

Tirenio ; who the false *Lucrino* knew

So sacrific’d and poor *Aminta* too.

But now ’tis Time to go indeed ; for see

The sacred Pomp descends the Hill ! yet we

May for thy Daughter to the Temple go

Before they come : Devotion marches flow.

SCENE

Chorus

Sol's Sister
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Ch. Pr.

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S C E N E III.

*Chorus of Shepherds, Chorus of Priests,
Montano, Mirtillo.*

Chorus Shepherds.

SOL's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a Second Sun in the First Sphere
To the blind World !

Ch. Pr. Thou whose Life-giving, and more
temp'rate Ray,
Thy Brother's burning Fury doth allay ;
Whence bounteous Nature here produces after
All her blest Off-springs, Air, Earth, and
Water

Enriches and augments with Vegetals,
With Creatures sensitive, and Rationals.
Ah, pity thy *Arcadia*, and that Rage
Thou dost in *others*, in thyself assuage !

Ch. Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a Second Sun in the First Sphere
To the blind World !

Mont. Now sacred Ministers the Altars dress ;
You likewise Swains, that shew yourselves no
less

Devout than they, your Voices all unite,
And once again invoke the Queen of Night.

I

Ch.

Ch. Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a Second Sun in the First Sphere
To the blind World!

Mont. Now all ye Shepherds and my Servants all

Withdraw yourselves, and come not 'till I call.
 Valiant young Man, (who to bestow upon
 Another *Life*, abandon dost thy own)
 Die with this Comfort: For a Puff of Breath
 (Which by the abject Soul is counted Death)
 Thou buy'st Eternity: And when the Tooth
 Of envious Time (consuming the World's Youth)
 Millions of lower Names has eaten, then
 True Faith's Example thou shalt live to Men:
 But for the Law commands that thou shouldst
 die

A silent Sacrifice, before thou ply
 Thy Knee to Earth, if thou wouldst ought deliver,

Speak; or hereafter hold thy Peace for ever.

Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I must

Give thee that Name) my Body to the Dust,
 Of which 'twas made and kneaded up, I give
 My Soul to her in whom alone I live.
 But if she die, (as she has vow'd) of me
 What Part (alas!) will then surviving be?
 How pleasing Death will be to me, if I
 In my own Person, not in hers, may die!
 And if he merit Pity at his Death,
 Who for meer Pity now resigns his Breath,

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Take care, dear Father of her Life, that I
Wing'd with that Hope, t' a better Life may
fly.

Let my Fate rest at my Decease, alone
Stop at my Ruin ; but when I am gone,
Let my deliver'd Soul in her survive,
Although from her I was divorc'd alive.

Mont. Scarcely can I refrain from weeping
now :

(O our Mortality how frail art thou !)
Son, be of comfort, for I promise thee
I will perform all thou desir'st of me :
Here's my Hand on't, and solemnly I swear,
Ev'n by this Miter'd Head.

Mir. Then vanish Fear,
And now for the most faithful Soul make room,
For (*Amarillis*) now to thee I come.
With the sweet Name of *Amarillis* I
Close up my Mouth, and silent kneel to die.

Mont. Now, sacred Ministers, the Rites be-
gin ;
With liquid odoriferous Gums keep in
The Flame, and strowing Frankincense and
Myrrh,

Whole Clouds of Incense to the Gods prefer.

Cho. Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter.
That shin'st a Second Sun in the First Sphere
To the blind World !

SCENE IV.

*Carino, Montano, Nicandro, Mirtillo,
Chorus of Shepherds:*

Carino.

DID ever Man so many Houses view
And the Inhabitants of them so few?
But see the Cause! if I mistake me not,
They're gotten all together here: O what
A Troop! how rich! how solemn! It is sure
Some Sacrifice.

Mont. Give me the Golden Ewer
With the red Wine *Nicandro.*

Nic. There.

Mont. So may
Soft Pity in thy Breast revive to Day
By this unguilty Blood, (Goddeſs divine)
As by the Sprinkling of theſe Drops of Wine,
This pale and dying Flame revives. Set up
The Golden Ewer. Reach me the Silver Cup.
So may the burning Wrath be quench'd, which in
Thy Breast was kindled by a falſe Maid's Sin,
As with this Water (pour'd out like our Tears)
I quench this Flame.

Car. 'Tis a Sacrifice ; but where's
The Offering ?

Mont.

Mont.
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Car.

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My Ha
rag

Mont. Now all's prepared, there lacks
Only that fatal Stroak. Lend me the Axe.

Car. I see a Thing (unless my Eye mistake :
Like a Man kneeling this Way with his Back.
Is he the Off'ring ? Then 'tis so, ah Wretch !
And o'er his Head the Priest his Hand does
stretch.

O my poor Country ! after all these Years
Is not Heav'n's Wrath yet quench'd with Blood
and Tears ?

Ch. Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a Second Sun in the First Sphere
To the blind World !

Mont. *Revengeful Goddess, who a private Fault
With publick Rod dost punish : (Thou hast thought
Fit so to do, and so in the Abyss
Of Providence eternal fixt it is)
Since faithless Lucrin's tainted Blood was thought
For thy nice Justice too impure a Draught :
Carouse the guiltless Blood then of this Swain,
By me now at thy Altar to be slain
A willing Sacrifice, and to his Laps
As true a Lover as Aminta was.*

Ch. Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a Second Sun in the First Sphere
To the blind World !

Mont. Ah how my Breast with Pity now re-
lents !

What sudden Numbness fetters every Sense !

I ne'er was so before ; to lift this Axe

My Hands lack Strength, and my Heart Cou-
rage lacks.

Car. I'll see the Wretch's Face, and so be gone :

For such dire Sights I cannot look upon.

Mont. Perhaps the Sun though setting, will not look

On human Sacrifice, and I am strook
Therefore with Horrour. Shepherd, change
thy Place,

And to the Mountain turn thy dying Face.
So, now 'tis Well.

Car. Alas, what gaze I at ?

Is't not my Son ? Is't not *Mirtillo*, that ?

Mont. Now I can do't.

Car. 'Tis he.

Mont. And aim my Blow —

Car. Hold, sacred Minister, what dost thou do ?

Mont. Nay, thou profane rash Man, how dar'st thou thus

Impose a sacrilegious Hand on us ?

Car. O all my Joy, *Mirtillo* ! ah ! my Heart —

Mont. (Be gone, old Man, that dost, or
Senseless art.

Car. Must I embrace thus.

Mont. Be gone I say,

It is not lawful Hands impure to lay
Upon Things sacred to the Gods.

Car. 'Twas they
That sent me to this Place.

Mont. *Nicandro*, stay,
We'll hear him, and then let him go his way.

Car.

Car.

Ha

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Tell me

By that I

Mont.

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Car.

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Mont.

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Car. M

(This W

Car. Ah, courteous Minister, before thy
Hand

Upon the Life of this young Man descend,
Tell me but why he dies. This I implore
By that Divinity thou dost adore.

Mont. By such a Goddess thou conjur'st me,
that

I should be Impious to deny, But what
Concerns it thee?

Car. More than thou dost suppose.

Mont. Because to die he for another chose.

Car. Then I will die for him: O, take in
Stead

Of his, this Old already drooping Head.

Mont. Thou rav'st Friend.

Car. Why am I denied that now,
Which unto him was granted?

Mont. Because thou
A Stranger art.

Car. And if I should prove none,
What then?

Mont. Although thou shouldst, it were all one;
Because *he cannot be exchang'd again,*
Who for another in exchange was ta'en.

But who art thou, if thou no Stranger be?
Thy Habit speaks thee not of *Arcadie*.

Car. Yet am I an *Arcadian*.

Mont. I did ne'er
See thee before (to my remembrance) here.

Car. My Name's *Carino*; I was born hard by:
(This Wretch's Father who is now to die.)

Mont. Hence, hence, lest through thy fond
paternal Love

Our Sacrifice should Vain and Fruitless prove.

Car. O if thou wert a Father !

Mont. I am one :

Yes, and the Father of an only Son.

A tender Father too ; yet if this were

My *Silvio's* Head (by *Silvio's* Head I swear)

I would as forward be to do to his

What I must do to this. ' For no Man is

Worthy this sacred Robe, but he that can

For publick Good put off the private Man.

Car. Yet let me kiss him 'ere he die.

Mont. Not touch.

Car. O my own Flesh and Blood ! art thou
so much

A Tyrant to me too, as to afford

To thy afflicted Parent not one Word ?

Mir. Dear Father, Peace.

Mont. Alas we are all spoil'd ;

The Sacrifice (O Heav'ns ! is quite defil'd.

Mir. That Blood, that Life which thou didst
give to me,

Spilt for a better Cause can never be.

Mont. Did I not say his Vow of Silence he

Would break, when he his Father's Tears
should see ?

Mir. That such a gross Mistake I should
commit,

My Vow of Silence I did quite forget.

Mont. But Ministers, why do ye gazing stay ?
Him to the Temple quickly re-convey.

There

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Mont.

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' v

There in the holy Cloyster once more take
The voluntary Oath of him ; then back
Returning him with Pomp along with you,
For a new Sacrifice bring all Things new ;
New Fire, and new Water, and new Wine
Quickly ; for *Phœbus* does apace decline.

S C E N E V.

Montano, Carino, Dameta.

Montano.

NOW thou old doting Fool, thank Heav'n
thou art

His Father ; for (by Heav'n) unless thou wert,
To Day I'd make thee feel my Rage, since thou
My Patience didst so much abuse, but now
Know'st who I am ? Know'st thou this sacred
Wand

Does both divine and human Things command ?

Car. ' Let not the Priest of Heav'n offended
' be

' For begging Mercy.

Mont. I have suffer'd thee

Too long, and that has made thee insolent :

Dost thou not know, ' When Anger wants its
' vent

‘ In a just Bosom, it is gathering Strength
 ‘ Within, and bursts out with more Force at
 length ?

Car. ‘ Anger was never in a noble Mind
 ‘ A furious Tempest : But a gentle Wind
 ‘ Of Passion only, which but stirs the Soul,
 ‘ (Where Reason still does keep her due con-
 ‘ troul)

‘ Lest it should grow a standing Pool, unfit
 ‘ for virtuous Action. If I cannot get
 Thee to extend that Mercy which I crave,
 Afford me Justice ; this I ought to have
 From thee. ‘ For they who Laws to others give,
 ‘ Ought not themselves without all Law to live.
 ‘ And he that is advanc’d to greater Sway,
 ‘ Him that does sue for Justice must obey.
 And (witness) I require it now of thee ;
 Do’t for thyself, if thou wilt not for me.
 Thou art unjust if thou *Mirtillo* slay.

Mont. I prithee how ?

Car. To me didst thou not say,
 ‘ Thou might’st not offer here a Stranger’s Blood :

Mont. I did : And said what Heav’n com-
 manded.

Car. Good :

This is a Stranger’s then.

Mont. A Stranger’s ? What ?

Is he not then thy Son ?

Car. All’s one for that.

Mont. Is’t that thou gott’st him in a foreign
 Land ?

Car. The more thou seek’st, the less thou’lt
 understand.

Mont.

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Mont.

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Car. T

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Mont.

Thy Har

Car. M

Mont. It skills not here, *where*, but by *whom* he's got.

Car. I call him Stranger, cause I got him not.

Mont. Is he thy Son then, and not got by thee?

Car. I said he was my Son ; not born of me.

Mont. Thy Grief has made thee mad.

Car. I would it had !

I should not feel my Grief if I were mad.

Mont. Thou art or mad, or impious, chuse thou whether.

Car. For telling of the Truth to thee I'm neither.

Mont. How can both these (Son and not Son) agree.

Car. Son of my Love, not of my Blood.

Mont. Then he

Can be no Stranger if he be thy Son :

If he be not, to thee no Harm is done.

So Father or not Father, th'art confuted.

Car. ' Truth is Truth still, though it be ill disputed.

Mont. ' That Man that utters Contradictions must

' Speak one Untruth.

Car. Thy Action is unjust,

I say again.

Mont. Let all his Actions Guilt

Light on my Head, and on my Sons.

Car. Thou wilt

Repent it.

Mont. Thou shalt, if thou wilt not take

Thy Hands from off me,

Car. My Appeal I make

Te

To Men and Gods.

Mont. To Gods, despis'd by thee ?

Car. And if thou wilt not hear, hearken to me,

O Heav'n and Earth ! and thou great Goddess here

Ador'd ! *Mirtillo* is a Foreigner,
No Son of mine : The holy Sacrifice
Thou dost prophane.

Mont. Bless me good Heav'ns from this
Strange Man ! Say then, if he be not thy Son,
Who is his Father ?

Car. 'Tis to me unknown.

Mont. Is he thy Kinsman ?

Car. Neither.

Mont. Why dost then
Call him thy Son ?

Car. Cause from the Instant when
I had him first, I bred him as mine own,
With a paternal Love, and call'd him Son.

Mont. Didst buy him ? Steal him ? From
whence hadst him ?

Car. From

Elis, (the Gift of a strange Man.)

Mont. From whom
Had that strange Man him ?

Car. That strange Man ! Why he
Had him of me before.

Mont. Thou mov'st in me
At the same Time both Laughter and Disdain :
What thou gav'st him, did he give thee again ?

Car.

Car. I
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Mont.

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Car. I gave to him what was his own ; then
he

Return'd it as his courteous Gift to me.

Mont. And whence hadst thou (since thou
wilt make me mad

For Company) that which from thee he had?

Car. Within a Thicket of sweet Mirtle, I
Had newly found him accidentally,
Near to *Alfeo's* Mouth, and call'd him thence
Mirtillo.

Mont. With what likely Circumstance
Thou dost thy Lye embroider ? Are there any
Wild Beasts within that Forest ?

Car. Very many.

Mont. Why did not they devour him ?

Car. A strong Flood
Had carry'd him into that Tuft of Wood,
And left him in the Lap of a small Isle
Defended round with Water.

Mont. Thou dost file
One Lye upon another well. And was
The Flood so merciful to let him pass
Undrown'd ? Such Nurseries in thy Country are
The Brooks, to foster Infants with such Care.

Car. He lay within a Cradle, which with Mud
And other Matter gather'd by the Flood,
Calk't (to keep out the Water) like a Boat,
Had to that Thicket carry'd him afloat.

Mont. Within a Cradle lay he ?

Car. Yes.

Mont. A Child
In swathing Bands ?

Car. A sweet one ; and it smil'd.

Mont.

Mont. How long ago might this be ?

Car. 'Tis soon cast :

Since the great Flood some Twenty Years are
past,

And then it was.

Mont. What Horrour do I feel
Creep through my Veins !

Car. He's silenc'd, and yet will
Be obstinate. ' O the strange Pride of those
' In Place ! who conquer'd, yield not : But
suppose

' Because that they have all the Wealth, with it
' They must be Masters too of all the Wit.
Sure he's convinc'd ; and it does vex him too,
As by his mutt'ring he does plainly show :
And one may see some Colour he would find,
To hide the Errour of a haughty Mind.

Mont. But that strange Man of whom thou
tell'st me, what

Was he to this same Child ? His Father ?

Car. That

I do not know.

Mont. Nor didst thou ever know
More of the Man than thou hast told me ?

Car. No.

Why all these Questions ?

Mont. If thou saw'st him now,
Should'st know him ?

Car. Yes, he had a beetle-Brow,

A down-

Hair

His Beard

Mont. S

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Away to

A down-Look, middle-Stature, with black
Hair,

His Beard and Eye-brows did with Bristles stare.

Mont. Shepherds and Servants here approach.

Dam. W'are here.

Mont. Which of these Shepherds who do now
appear,

To him thou talk'st of likest seems to thee ?

Car. Not only like him, but the same is he
Whom thou talk'st with ; and still the Man
does show

The same he did some Twenty Years ago,
For he has chang'd no Hair, though I am Gray.

Mont. Withdraw and let *Dameta* only stay.

Tell me, dost know him ?

Dam. Yes, I think I do :

But where, or how I know not.

Car. I'll renew
Thy Memory by Tokens.

Mont. Let me talk
First with him if thou please, and do thou walk
Aside a while.

Car Most willingly what thou
Command'st I'll do.

Mont. Tell me, *Dametas* now,
And do not lye.

Dam. Good Gods, what Storm appears !

Mont. When thou cam'st back ('tis since some
Twenty Years)

From seeking of my Child, which the swoln
Brook

Away together with its Cradle took,

Didst

Didst thou not tell me thou hadst fought with
Pain

All that *Alfeo* Bathes, and all in vain ?

Dam. Why do you ask it me ?

Mont. Answer me this :

Didst thou not say thou couldst not find him ?

Dam. Yes.

Mont. What was that little Infant then which
thou

In *Elis* gav'st to him that knows thee now ?

Dam. 'Twas Twenty Years ago ; and wouldst
thou have

An old Man now remember what he gave ?

Mont. He is Old too, and yet remembers it.

Dam. Rather is come into his doting Fit.

Mont. That we shall quickly see : Where
art thou Stranger ?

Car. Here.

Dam. Would thou wert interr'd, and I from
Danger.

Mont. Is this the Shepherd that bestow'd on
thee

The Present, art thou sure ?

Car. I'm sure 'tis he.

Dam. What Present ?

Car. Dost thou not remember when
In *Jove* *Olympicks* Fane, thou having then
Newly receiv'd the Oracle's Reply,
And being just on thy Departure, I
Encountred thee, and asking then of thee
The Signs of what th'adst lost, thou toldst them
me ;

Then

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Car.

Then I did take thee to my House, and there
Shew'd thee thy Child laid in a Cradle ; where
Thou gav'st him me.

Dam. What is inferr'd from hence ?

Car. The Child thou gav'st me then, and
whom I since
Have brought up, as a Son, such is the Truth.
I tell thee, Friend, is this unhappy Youth
Whom on this Altar now is doom'd to die
A Sacrifice.

Dam. O Force of Destiny !

Mont. Art studying for more Lyes ? Hath
this Man said
The Truth or not ?

Dam. Would I were but as dead
As all is true !

Mont. That thou shalt quickly be
If the whole Truth thou dost not tell to me.
Why didst thou then give to another what
Was not thy own ?

Dam. Dear Master ask not that ;
For Heav'ns Sake do not : Too much do you
know
Already.

Mont. This makes me more eager grow.
Wilt not speak yet ? Still keep'st thou me in
Pain ?

Th'art dead if I demand it once again.

Dam. Because the Oracle foretold if he
Should e'er return and with his Kindred be
In his own Home, he should be like to die
By's Father's Hand.

Car. 'Tis true, myself was by.

Mont.

Mont. Alas! now all is clear: This Act of mine,

The Dream and Oracle did well Divine:

Car. What wouldst thou more? can ought behind remain?

Is it not plain enough?

Mont. Alas, too plain.

I know, and thou hast said too much; I would I had search'd less, or thou less understood. How (O) *Carino*, have I ta'en from thee At once thy Son, and thy Calamity! How are thy Passions become mine! this is My Son: O too unhappy Son of this Unhappy Man! O Son preserv'd and kept More cruelly, than thou from hence were swept By the wild Flood, to fall by thy Sire's Hand, And stain the Altars of thy native Land!

Car. Thou Father to my *Mirtillo*? Wondrous! How Didst lose him?

Mont. By that horrid Flood which thou Hast mention'd. O dear Pledge! thou wert safe then

When thou wert lost: And now I lose thee, when

I find thee.

Car. O eternal Providence!

For what deep End have all these Accidents Lain hid so long, and now break forth together? Some mighty Thing thou hast concerted, either For Good or Evil: Some unwonted Birth Thou art big with, which must be brought forth on Earth.

Mont.

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Car. A
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Searching
Whilst I

As I supp
Mont.

Mont. This was the Thing my Dream fore-
told me too ;

Prophetic in the bad, but most untrue
In the good Part ; This 'twas which made me
melt

So strangely ; this, that Horror which I felt
Creep through my Bones, when I heav'd up my
Hand

For Nature's self seem'd to recoil, or stand
Astonish'd all to see a Father go
To give that horrid and forbidden Blow.

Car. And will you then proceed to stain the
Day
With this dire Sacrifice ?

Mont. No other may
Perform it here.

Car. Shall the Son then be slain
By his own Sirè ?

Mont. 'Tis Law : And who dare strain
His Charity to save another Man,
When true *Aminta* with himself began ?

Car. O my sad Fate ! what am I brought
to see ?

Mont. Two Fathers over-acted Piety
Murder their Son ; thine to *Mirtillo* ; mine
To Heav'n. Thou by denying he was thine,
Thought'st to preserve him, and hast lost him ? I
(Searching with too much Curiosity)
Whilst I was to have Sacrific'd thy Son,
(As I suppo'd) find, and must slay my own.

Car.

Car. Behold the horrid Monster. Fate has
 esteem'd

O cruel ! O *Mirtillo* ! more esteem'd
 By me than Life : Was this that which to me
 The Oracle foretold concerning thee ?
 Thus dost thou make me *in my Country blest* ?
 O my dear Son, once the great Hope and Rest,
 But now the Grief and Bane of these gray Hairs ?

Mont. Prithee, *Carino*, lend to me those
 Tears :

I weep for my own Blood. (Ah ! why, if I
 Must spill it, is it mine ?) Poor Son ! but why
 Did I beget thee ? — (Why was I got rather ?)
 The pitying Deluge sav'd thee, and thy Father
 Will cruelly destroy thee. Holy Pow'rs
 Immortal, (without some Command of yours
 Not the least Wave stirs in the Sea, Breath in
 The Air, nor Leaf on Earth) what monst'rous
 Sin

Has been by me committed 'gainst your Law,
 This heavy Judgment on my Head to draw ?
 Or if I have transgress'd so much, wherein
 So fin'd my Son ; ye will not pardon him ?
 And thou with one Blast of thy Anger kill
 Me, thund'ring *Jove* ? But if thy Bolts lie
 still,

My Sword shall not : I will repeat the dire
 Example of *Aminta*, and expire.

A Son shall see his Father's Sword to run
 Thro' his own Heart sooner than kill his Son.
 Die then, *Montano* ; Age should lead the Way :
 And willingly I do't. Pow'r shall I say

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Car. H

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Mont.

Of Heav'n or Hell ?) That do with anguish
drive

Men to despair ; Behold I now perceive
(Since you will have it so) your Fury ! I
Desire no greater Blessing than to die.
A Kind of dire Love to my nat'ral Goal.
Lashes me on, and hollows to my Soul,
To Death, to Death.

Car. Hapless old Man ! Indeed
I pity thee, Tho' Pity both we need ;
Yet as by Day the Stars forbear to shine,
My Grief is nothing if compar'd with thine.

S C E N E VI.

Tirenio, Montano, Carino.

Tirenio.

MAKE haste, my Son ; yet tread secure,
that I
May without Stumbling, trace thee through
this wry
And craggy Way, with my old Feet and blind.
Thou art their Eyes, as I am to thy Mind.
And when thou com'st where the Priest is, there
Arrest thy Pace.

Mont. Hah ! whom see I here ?

Is't

Is't not our Reverend *Tirenio* ? He
Whose Eyes are seal'd up Earthward, but Hea-
v'n see ?

Some great Thing draws him from his sacred
Cell,

Whence to behold him is a Miracle.

Car. May the good Gods pleas'd in their
Bounty be

To make his Coming prosp'rous prove to thee.

Mont. Father *Tirenio*, say what Miracle
Is this ? What mak'st thou from thy Holy Cell ?
Whom dost thou seek ? What News ?

Tir. I come to speak
With thee : And News I bring, and News I seek.

Mont. But why comes not the Holy Order
back

With the purg'd Off'ring, and what else does lack
T' eschew th' interrupted Sacrifice ?

Tir. ' O how much often does the Want of
' Eyes

' Add to the inward Sight ! for then the Soul,
' Not gadding forth, but recollected whole
' Into itself, is wont to recompence
' With the Mind's Eyes, the Blindness of the
' Sense !

' It is not good to pass so slightly over
' Some great Events unlook'd for, which dis-
' cover

' In Acts of human Kind a Hand Divine,
' Which through a Cloud of seeming Chance
' does shine :

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For Heav'n with Earth will not familiar be,
 Nor Face to Face talk with Mortality.
 But those great wond'rous Things which us

' amaze,
 And on blind Chance the more blind Vulgar
 ' lays,

Are but Heav'ns Voice : The Deathless Gods
 ' affect

To speak to Mortals in that Dialect.

It is their Language ; silent to our Ears,

But loud to him whose Understanding hears.

A Thousand Times most happy Man is he
 Whose Understanding is thus form'd to be.)

The good *Nicandro* (as thou gav'st command)

Was ready now to bring the sacred Band,

Whom I with-held by reason of a Change

That fell out in the Temple. Which so strange
 Event, comparing with what happen'd here

At the same Time to thee, 'twixt Hope and Fear

I know not how, strook and amaz'd I stand :

Of which by how much less I understand

The Cause, so much the more I Hope and
 Fear

Some Happiness, or some great Danger near.

Mont. That which thou understandest not,

I do

Too well, and to my Sorrow feel it too.

But is there ought in hidden Fate can shun

Thy All-divining Spirit?

Tir. O my Son!

If of Prophetick Light we use Divine

Were Arbitrary, then the Gift would shine,

The

‘ The Gift of Nature, not of Heav’n. I find
 (’Tis true) within my undigested Mind,
 That there is something hidden in the deep
 Bosom of Fate, which she from me does keep,
 And this has mov’d me to come now to thee,
 To be inform’d more clearly who is he
 That’s found to be the Father of the Youth
 To die now, if *Nicandro* told us truth.

Mont. Thou know’st him but too well, *Tir.*
renio :

O how wilt thou wish and soon that thou didst
 know

Or love him less ?

Tir. ‘ I praise thee, O my Son,
 ‘ For taking Pity and Compassion on -
 ‘ The sad Afflicted : ’Tis Humanity
 Howe’er let me speak with him.

Mont. Now I see

Heav’n has suspended in thee all that Skill
 In Prophecy, which it was wont t’ instill.
 That Father whom thou seek’st to speak withal
 Am I.

Tir. Art thou his Father, that should fall
 To *Cinthia* ? Now the Sacrifice begun

Mont. The wretched Father of that wretched
 Son.

Tir. Of that same *Faithful Shepherd*, who
 to give
 Life to another, would himself not live ?

Mont. Of him, who dies, his Murtherefs Life
 to save
 And murders me, who unto him Life gave.

Tir. F

Mont.

Car.

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Tir.

keep

Tir. But is this true?

Mont. Behold the Witnesses.

Car. That

Which he has told thee is most true.

Tir. And what

Art thou that speak'st?

Car. *Carino*, thought to be

'Till now the young Man's Father.

Tir. Is that he

The Flood took from thee long ago?

Mont. Yes, *Tirenio*, it is

Tir. And dost thou Stile for this

Thy self a wretched Father. ' O how blind

' Is an unhallow'd and terrestrial Mind!

' In what thick Mists of Errour, how profound

' A Night of Ignorance are our Souls drown'd,

' 'Till thou enlighten them, from whom the

' Sun

' Receives his Lustre, as from him the Moon!

' Vain Men, how can ye boast of Knowledge

' so?

' That Part of us by which we see and know,

' Is not our Virtue, but deriv'd from Heav'n,

' That gives it, and can take what it has given.

O in thy Mind, *Montano*, blinder far

Than I am in my Eyes! What Juggler rare,

What dazzling Devil will not let thee see,

That if this noble Youth was born of thee,

Thou art the Happiest Father, and most dear

To the Immortal Deities, that e'er

Begot Son in the World? Behold the deep

Secret, which Fate did from my Knowledge

keep!

K

Be-

Behold the happy Day, with such a Flood
 Expected of our Tears, and of our Blood !
 Behold the blessed End of all our Pain !
 Where art thou Man ? Come to thyself again,
 How is it that thou only dost forget
 That famous happy Oracle that's writ
 In all *Arcadian* Hearts ? How can it be,
 That with thy dear Son's Light'ning upon thee
 This Day, thy Sense is not prepar'd and clear,
 The Thunder of that Heav'nly Voice to hear ;
Your Woe shall End, when two of Race Divine

Love shall combine——

(Tears of Delight in such abundance flow
 Out of my Heart, I cannot speak.) *Your*
Woe ——

Your Woe shall End when two of Race Divine

Love shall combine :

*And for a faithless Nymph's apostate State,
 A Faithful Shepherd supererogate.*

Now tell me thou : This Shepherd here of whom
 We speak, and that should die, is he not come
 Of *Race Divine* (*Montano*) if he's thine ?
 And *Amarillis* too of *Race Divine* ?
 Then who I pray but *Love* bath them combin'd ?
Silvio by Parents and by Force was join'd
 To *Amarillis*, and is yet as far
 From loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
 Then scan the Rest, and 'twill be evident,
 The fatal Voice none but *Mirtillo* meant.
 For who indeed, since slain *Aminta* who
 Has shewn such *Love* as he ? A Swain so true,

Who

Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mistress wou'd,
 Since true *Aminta*, spill his dearest Blood?
 This is that Work of *Supererogation*:
 This is that *Faithful Shepherd's* Expiation
 For the *Apostate* false *Lucreina's* Fact
 By this admir'd and most stupendious Act,
 More than with human Blood the Wrath of
 Heav'n
 Is pacifi'd, and Satisfaction giv'n
 To the eternal Justice for th' Offence
 Committed 'gainst it by a Woman. Hence
 It was, that he no sooner came to pay
 Devotions in the Temple, but streightway
 All monst'rous Omens ceas'd; *No longer stood*
Th' eternal Image in a Sweat of Blood;
The Earth no longer shook, the Holy Cave
No longer smelt, and shrieks no longer gave;
 But such sweet Harmony and Redolence
 As Heav'n affords (if Heav'n affect the Sense.)
 O Providence eternal! O ye Powers
 Who look upon us from your azure Towers!
 If all my Words were Souls, and every Soul
 Were sacrific'd upon your Altars whole,
 It were too poor a Hecatomb to pay
 So great a Blessing with: But as I may
 Behold!) I tender Thanks, and with my Knee
 Touching the Earth in all Humility,
 Look up to you who sit enthron'd in Heav'n,
 How much am I your Debtor, that have giv'n
 Me Leave to live 'till now! I have run o'er
 Of my Life's Race a Hundred Years and more,

Yet never liv'd 'till now, could never deem
 My Life worth keeping 'till this Instant Time.
 Now I begin my Life, am born to Day.
 But why in Words do I consume away
 That Time that should be past in Works?

Help Son,
 Without thy Aid I cannot stand upon
 My weak and trembling Feet.

Mont. Tirenio
 I have a Lightning in my Bosom so
 Lock'd in, and petrifi'd with Wonder, that
 I find I'm glad, yet scarcely now at what,
 My greedy Soul unto her self alone
 Keeps all her Joy, and lets my Sense have none.
 O Miracle of Heav'n! far, far beyond
 All we have seen, or e'er did understand!
 O unexampled Bounty! O the great,
 Great Mercy of the Gods! O Fortunate
Arcadia! O Earth, of all that e'er
 The Sun beheld, or warm'd, most blest, most
 dear
 To Heav'n! Thy Weal's so dear to me, my
 own

I cannot feel nor think upon my Son,
 (Twice lost and found) nor of myself buoy'd up
 Out of the Depth of Sorrow, to the Top
 Of Bliss, when I consider thee: But all
 My private Joy, set by the General,
 Is like a little Drop in a great Stream
 Shuffled and lost. O happy Dream! (no Dream
 But a Cœlestial Vision. *Now again*
Shall my Arcadia (as thou said'st) be in
A flourishing Estate.

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 Consente
Mon.

Tir. But why dost thou

Stay here, *Montano*? Heav'n expects not now
More human Sacrifice from us. No more
Th'are Times of Wrath and Vengeance (as
before)

But Times of Grace and Love; glad nuptial
Bands,

Not horrid Sacrifices at our Hands
Our Goddess now requires.

How long to Night?

Mont. An Hour, or little more.

Tir. We burn Day-light:

Back to the Holy Temple let us go;

There let the Daughter of old *Titiro*

And thy Son interchange their Marriage-vow
To become Man and Wife, of Lovers now.

Then let him bring her to his Father's Dome,
Where Heav'n ordains this loving Pair should
come,

Descendents of Two Gods, and henceforth run
United in one Stream. ——— Lead me back,
Son:

And thou, *Montano*, follow me.

Mon. But stay:

That Faith which formerly she gave away
To *Silvio*'s self she cannot now withdraw
And give *Mirtillo*, without Breach of Law.

Car. 'Tis *Silvio* still, *Mirtillo* was so styl'd
At first, (thy Man told me) who gave the Child.
I chang'd it to *Mirtillo*, to which he
Consented.

Mon. True: (Now I remember me)

And the same Name I then gave to the other,
To keep alive the Mem'ry of his Brother.

Tir. 'Twas an important Doubt. Follow
me now.

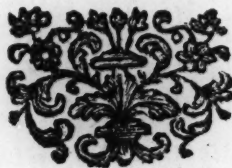
Mont. Carino, to the Temple too come thou.
Henceforth *Mirillo* shall two Fathers own,
Thou hast a Brother found, and I a Son.

Car. To thee a Brother in his Love, a Father
To him, a Servant (in Respect) to either
Carino will be always: And since I
Find thee to me so full of Courtesy,
I will the Boldness take to recommend
Unto thy Love my Second self, my Friend.

Mont. Share me between you.

Car. O eternal Gods,

- Between our Pray'rs flow-winding Paths,
what odds
- There is (by which we climb to Heav'n) and
those
- Director Lines by which Heav'n's Bounty
flows!



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S C E N E VII.

*Corisca, Linco.**Corisca.*

SO it seems, *Linco*, that coy *Silvio* now
When least expected, does a Lover grow.
But what became of her?

Lin. We carry'd her
To *Silvio's* Lodgings, where with many a Tear
(Whether of Joy or Grief I cannot tell)
His Mother welcom'd her. It pleas'd her well
To see her Son now married, and a Lover;
But for the Nymph's great Grief she did discover.
Unhappy Step-Mother, who may be said:
One Daughter wounded, and the other dead.

Cor. Is *Amarillis* dead?

Lin. 'Tis rumour'd so:
That's now the Cause I to the Temple go,
To comfort old *Montano* with this News,
One Daughter yet he gains, if one he lose.

Cor. Is not *Dorinda* dead then?

Lin. Dead? Would thou
Wert Half so live and jocund as she's now!

Cor. Was't not a mortal Wound?

Lin. Had she been slain
With *Silvio's* Pity she had liv'd again.

Cor. What Art so soon could cure her?

Lin. I will tell
 Thee all the Cure. Listen t' a Miracle.
 With trembling Hearts, and Hands prepar'd
 to aid,
 Women and Men stood round the wounded
 Maid ;
 But she would suffer none to touch her save
 Her *Silvio's* Hand for the same Hand which gave,
 She said should cure the Wound. So all with-drew
 Except myself, he, and his Mother : Two
 T' advise, the Third to Act. When *Silvio* now
 Removing first from her incarnate Snow
 Gently the cleaving Garments, strove to pluck
 The Arrow out, which in her Wound deep stuck.
 But the false Wood (forth coming) gave the Slip
 To th' Iron Head, and left it in her Hip.
 Here, here the lamentable Cries began :
 It was not possible by Hand of Man,
 Or Iron Instrument, or ought beside
 To get it out. Perchance t'ave open'd wide
 The Wound b'a greater Wound, and so have made
 One Iron dive after another, had
 Effected the great Cure. But *Silvio's* Hand,
 Too tender and too much with Love unman'd
 The Surgeon was, so cruelly to heal.
 Love searches not with Instruments of Steel
 The Wounds he makes. As for the Love-sick
 Maid,
 In *Silvio's* Hands her Wounds grew Sweet; she
 said.
 And *Silvio* said, not in the least dismay'd,
 Thou shalt out too, thou shalt, curst Arrow
 head,

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And with less Pain than is believ'd : The same
 Who thrust thee in, can pull thee out again.
 By using Hunting I have learn'd to cure
 This Mischief which my Hunting did procure.
 A Plant there is much us'd by the wild Goat
 When there's a Shaft into her Body shot :
 She shew'd it us, and Nature shew'd it her :
 (Remembred happily !) nor is it far
 From hence. Streight went he to the Neigh-
 b'ring Hill,

And there a Basket with this Plant did fill :
 Then came again to us. Then squeezing out
 The Juice, and mixing it with Cent'ry-root
 And Plantain-leaf, a Pultise of them made.
 O wonderful ! as soon as these were laid
 Upon the Wound, the Blood then flow'd no
 more,

And the Pain ceas'd when from out the Sore
 The Iron coming without Pain away,
 Did the first Summons of the Hand obey :
 The Nymph was now as vigorous and sound,
 As if she never had receiv'd a Wound.
 Nor mortal was't ; for th' Arrow having flown
 (As hap't) betwixt the Muscles and the Bone,
 Pierc'd but the fleshy Part.

Cor. Thou hast display'd
 Much Virtue in a Plant, more in a Maid.

Lin. What afterwards between 'em did unfold
 Much better may imagin'd be than told :
 This I am sure, *Dorinda's* well again,
 And now can stir her Body without Pain :

Though thou believ'st, *Corisca*, I suppose,
He's giv'n her since more Wounds than that:
But those

As they are made b' a diff'rent Weapon, so
Themselves are of a diff'rent Nature too.
And such a Trick this cruel Archer has,
Of hitting all he shoots at since he was
A Huntsman; that to shew he's still the same,
Now he's a Lover too, he hits the Game.

Cor. Old *Linco* still!

Lin. Faith, my *Corisca*, still
If not in Strength, I'm *Linco* in my Will.
Nor yet, though my Leaf's wither'd, am I dead,
But all my Sap into the Root is fled.

Cor. My Rival thus dispatch'd, I'll now go
see
If I can get my dear *Mirtillo* free.

S C E N E VIII.

Ergasto, Corisca.

Ergasto.

O Day with Wonders fraught! O Day of
Mirth!
All Love! and Blessings all! O happy Earth!
O bounteous Heav'n!

Cor.

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Erg.

Cor. But see! *Ergasto's* here :

How opportunely does he now appear !

Erg. At such a Time let every living Thing,
Heav'n, Earth, Air, Fire, the Whole World
laugh and sing.

To Hell itself let our full Joys extend,
And there the Torments of the damn'd suspend.

Cor. What Rapture's this!

Erg. Blest Woods! whose murm'ring Voice,
When we lamented did Lament, Rejoice
At our Joys too, and move as many Tongues
As you have Leaves now dancing to the Songs
Of the pleas'd Birds, and Musick of the Air
Which rings with our Delight. Sing of a Pair
Of Noble Lovers the Felicity
Unparallel'd.

Cor. He must speak certainly
Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda*. Every Thing
I see, would live.* ' How soon the shallow
Spring

' Of Tears dries up with us! but the swollen
River

' Of Gladness carries with the longer Liver.

Of *Amarillis*, who is dead, there's now

No more Discourse : The only Care is how

' To laugh with them who laugh ; and 'tis well
done :

' Each Man has too much Sorrow of his own.

Whither (so glad) *Ergasto*, dost thou go ?

Unto a Wedding probably ?

Erg. I do

Hast

Hast heard *Corisca*, of the wond'rous Fate
Of the blest loving Pair.

Cor. Of *Linco* late!

I heard it with excessive Joy of Heart
Which my great Grief does mitigate in Part
For the sad Death of *Amarillis*.

Erg. How!

Whom dost thou speak of, or speak I think'st
thou?

Cor. Why, of *Dorinda* and of *Silvio* too.

Erg. What *Silvio*? What *Dorinda*? Know
not you

Then what has past? My Joy its Linage draws
From a more high, stupendious, noble Cause.
Of *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* I

Discourse, (the happiest Pair that this Day lie
Under the torrid Zone of Love.)

Cor. Is not

Then *Amarillis* dead, *Ergasto*?

Erg. What

Death? She's alive, glad, beauteous, and a Wife.

Cor. Thou mock'st me, Shepherd.

Erg. No, upon my Life.

Cor. Was she not then condemn'd?

Erg. She was, 'tis true:

But presently she was acquitted too.

Cor. Do I dream this? Or dost thou Dreams
relate?

Erg. Stay here a little thou shalt see her
straight

Come with her faithful and most fortunate

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Mirtillo, from the Temple (where they're now,
 And interchang'd have their great Nuptial Vow)
 Towards *Montano's*: Of the bitter Root
 Of their long Loves to gather the sweet Fruit.
 O hadst thou seen Mens Joys spring in their Eyes!
 If thou hadst heard the Musick of their Cries!
 The Temple's still as full as it can hold
 Of Numbers numberless: Men, Women, Old,
 Young, Prelates, Laymen, are confounded there
 Together, and distracted cannot bear
 Their Joy. With Wonder every one does run
 To see the Happy Couple, every one
 Adores them, every one embraces them.
 Their Pity one extols, another's Theme
 Their constant Faith, or of those Graces giv'n
 To them by Nature, or infus'd from Heav'n.
 The Lawn, the Dale, the Mountain, and the Plain,
 Resound *The Faithful Shepherd's* glorious Name:
 O happy, happy Lover, to become
 From a poor Swain, almost a God so soon;
 From Death to Life (whilst I speak this) to pass,
 And change a Winding-sheet (which ready was)
 For a remote despair'd-of Nuptial Bliss,
 Though it be much, not yet the utmost this.
 But to enjoy her, whom he seem'd t' enjoy
 In dying for her, her who would destroy
 Herself, not to excuse, but share his Fate,
 (His Mate in Life, and not in Death his Mate!)
 This is such Joy, such rapt'rous Joy is this,
 As does exceed all we can fancy, Bliss.
 And dost not thou rejoice? And apprehend
 A Joy for *Amarillis*, who's thy Friend,

As

As great as that which I do for my true
Mirtillo ?

Cor. Yes, dost thou not see I do ?

Erg. O! if thou hadst present been

marillis to have seen,

As the Pledge of Faith when she

Gave her Hand to him, and he

As the Pledge of Love did either

Give or receive (I know not whether)

A sweet inestimable Kiss,

Surely thou hadst dy'd of Bliss.

There was Scarlet, there were Roses,

All the Colours, all the Posies,

Art or Nature e'er did mix,

Were excell'd by her pure Cheeks,

Cover'd with a wav'ing Shield

By her blushing Beauty held,

Stain'd with Blood, which did provoke

From the Striker a new Stroke.

And she, coy and nice in show,

Seem'd to shun, that she might so

With more Pleasure meet the Blow,

Leaving it in doubt, if that

Kiss were ravish'd yes or not.

With such admirable Art,

'Twas in Part bestow'd, in Part

Snatch'd from her : And that Disdain

Which she did so sweetly fain,

Was a willing No ; an Act

Mixt of Conquest and Compact.

Such a Coming in her Flying

As shew'd Yielding in Denying.

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Such sweet Anger at th' Abuse.
 In forcing her, as forc'd him use
 That Force again; such Art to crave
 The Thing she would not, yet would have,
 As drew him the faster on
 To snatch that which would be gone,
 O Heav'nly Kifs! *Corisca*, I
 Can no longer hold; good-by.
 ' I'll marry too: The Powr's above
 ' Give no true Joy to Men, but Love.
Cor. If he (*Corisca*) have told truth, this Day
 Quite cures thy Wits, or takes them quite away.

S C E N E IX.

*Chorus of Shepherds, Corisca, Amarillis,
 Mirtillo.*

Chorus.

HOly Hymen bear our Pray'r
 And our Song! The Earth has not
 A more happy Loving Pair:
 Both of them Divinely got;
 Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destin'd Knot.

Cor. Alas! *Ergasto* told me true (I see)
 This is the Fruits (Wretch) of thy Vanity.

O Thoughts ! O Wishes ! as unjust, as vain
 And fond. Would I an Innocent have slain
 To compass my unbridled Will, So blind,
 So cruel was I ? Who does now unbind
 My Eyes ? Ah Wretch ! what do I see ! my Sin
 With the Mask off, just as 'tis here within.

Cho. *Holy Hymen bear our Pray'r*
And our Song ! The Earth has not
A more happy Loving Pair :
Both of them Divinely got ;
Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destin'd Knot.
 See (thou *Faithful Shepherd*) where
 After many a briny Tear,
 After many a Stormy Blast,
 Thou art landed now at last !
 Is not this (behold her) She
 Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee ?
 And thy cruel Destiny ?
 And her Icy Chastity ?
 And thy Degree so far beneath ?
 And her Contract ? And thy Death ?
 Yet *Mirtillo* (lo) she's thine.
 That sweet Face, those Eyes Divine,
 Breast and Hands, and all that thou
 See'st and hear'st, and touchest now,
 And so often hast in vain
 Sigh'd for, now thou dost obtain,
 As thy constant Love's Reward :
 Yet thy Lips has Silence barr'd !

Mir. How can I speak since I don't know
 Whether I am alive or no :
 Or if these Things real be
 Which I seem to hear and see.

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Sweetest *Amarillis* mine,
(For my Soul is lodg'd in thine)
I from thee would gladly know,
(Tell me Love) are these Things so?

*Cho. Holy Hymen, bear our Pray'r
And our Song ! The Earth has not*

A more happy Loving Pair :

Both of them Divinely got ;

Pull, Holy Hymen, pull the destin'd Knot.

Cor. But why do you, you still about me stay,
Arts to deceive the World, Arts to betray ?
(The Body's Robes but the Soul's Rags.) For one,
I'm sure she's couzen'd by you, and undone.
Then hence : And as from Worms ye had your
Birth,

Return to Worms and strew your Mother Earth.
Once ye were Weapons of lascivious Love,
But now the Trophies of fair Virtue prove.

*Cho. Holy Hymen, bear our Pray'r
And our Song ! The Earth has not*

A more happy Loving Pair :

Both of them Divinely got ;

Pull, Holy Hymen, pull the destin'd Knot.

Cor. What stick'st thou at, *Corisca* ? This a
Day

Of Pardon is : Then ask without dismay.
What dost thou dread ? No Punishment whate'er
Can fall so heavy, as thy Fault lies here.
Fair, and happy Pair, (the Love
Of us here, and those above)
If all Earthly Pow'r this Day
To your conquering Fates give way,

Let

Let her likewise Homage do
To your conquering Fates and you,
Who all Earthly Pow'r imploy'd
To have made their Sentence void.

Amarillis (true it is)

He had mine, who had his Heart :
But thou only hast gain'd his,

'Cause thou only Worthy art.
Thou enjoy'st the Loyall'st Swain

Living ; and *Mirtillo* thou
The best Nymph since the World began
From the Birth of Time 'till now :

I the Touch-stone was to both,
Try'd her Chastity, his Troth.

But thou (Courteous Nymph) before
Thou on me thy Anger Pour,
Look but on thy Bridegroom's Face :

Something thou wilt spy therein
That will force thee to shew Grace,
As it hurried me to fin.

For so sweet a Lover's Sake,
Upon Love no Vengeance take :
But since thou the Flames dost prove,
Pardon thou the Fault of Love.

Am. I do not only Pardon, but Respect
Thee as my Friend, regarding the Effect,
And not the Cause. ' For Poysons if they make
' Us well, the Name of Sov'reign Med'cines take ;
' And painful Lancings for that Cause are dear :
So Whether Friend or Foe, or whatsoe'er
Thou wert to me in Purpose and Intent ;
Yet my Fate us'd thee as her Instrument

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Corisca

Am.

To work my Bliss, and that's enough : For me
'Twas a good Treason, a blest Perfidy
I'm sure. And if thou please to grace our Feast,
And to rejoice with us, thou art my Guest

Cor. Thy pardon is to me a better Feast :
A greater Joy, my Conscience now at rest

Mir. And I all Faults 'gainst me can pardon
well.

But this long Stop.

Cor. Joys on you both : Farewel.

Cho. *Holy Hymen, bear our Pray'r*
And our Song ! The Earth has not

A more Happy Loving Pair :

Both of them Divinely got ;

Pull, Holy Hymen, pull the destin'd Knot.

S C E N E X.

Mirtillo, Amarillis, Chorus of Shepherds.

Mirtillo.

A M I so wedded then to Grief and Anguish,
That in the midst of Joy too I must
Languish ?

Was not this tedious Pomp enough to Day

But I must also meet my old Decay,

Corisca ?

Am. Thou art wond'rous hasty.

Mir.

Mir. O

My Treasure ! yet I am not sure ; but go
 In fear of Robbing still, 'till as my Spouse
 I do possess thee in my Father's House.
 To tell thee true, methinks I fare like Men
 Who dream of Wealth, and ever now and then
 Fear that his golden Sleep will break, and they
 Be wak'd poor Beggars. I would gladly be
 Resolv'd by some more pregnant Proof, that this
 Sweet Waking now is not a Dream of Bliss.

*Cho. Holy Hymen bear our Pray'r
 And our Song ! The Earth has not
 A more Happy Loving Pair :
 Both of them Divinely got ;
 Pull, Holy Hymen, pull the destin'd Knot.*

C H O R U S.

O Happy Couple ! who have sown in Tears
 And reap in Comfort ! What a Foil your Fears
 Prove to your Joys ! Blind Mortals, learn from hence,
 Learn (ye effeminate) the Difference
 Betwixt true Goods and false. All is not Joy
 That pleases us : Nor is all that annoy
 That goes down bitter. ' True Joy is a Thing
 ' That springs from Virtue after Suffering.

F I N I S.

then
they
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ence,



